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The Seed

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SEED

CHICAGO VOL 6 NO. 12 35¢



E. MCGHEE © 5/2/71

WE

AND

THEY

One of the reasons we are presenting so many personal, first-hand accounts of Mayday experiences in this issue is to counter the 'overview' type coverage we've seen in the straight press. Headlines such as "The Day the Government Wasn't Stopped" or "Militants Fail in their Mission" are popular in these post-Mayday weeks and the stories accompanying the headlines have little to do with what really went on.

To blame the lack of good reportage entirely on "the pig media's" deliberate attempt to distort is wrong. Sure, everyone knows that the Chicago Tribune has no great love for movement people, and we expect to read shit in papers like that. Yet there were probably a good number of more liberal reporters around who made an honest attempt—in an non-involved way. Yet they, too, are labeling Mayday as a failure. That is too bad, but understandable. To any linear-minded, "objective" reporter, Mayday was obvious a failure, because it did not accomplish its stated goals. Mission: stop the government. Mission unaccomplished.

Okay. We admit military defeat. But then why is everybody smiling? That is something that reporters have a hard time picking up on because, well, they are they and we are us.

Why smile?

a. because for the first time ever, we made the mass movement into a personal movement. We worked closely with our friends, in small groups, and were able to perform small acts of non-violent aggression together (even if they only lasted an instant). b. because we learned a hell of a lot about ourselves, by actively participating in something "illegal." For most of us, it was our first street action, and doing it with 20,000 sisters and brothers made us more confident that we are not alone, and more certain that we can sustain this level of struggle. c. we learned a bit about police brutality, first hand, (lots of us missed the 68 Convention) and that made us feel closer to black and brown people who have had to deal with that kind of repression all their lives. d. We were thrown into police buses and jails together, and being in jail only reinforced our spirit and solidarity. e. We felt very strongly the support of Washington citizens—especially in the black community. Blacks and whites alike, from all social classes, were offering to put us up, provide bail, feed us, or act as a "third party" so the judges would let us out on recognizance instead of bail.

Admittedly, our tactics weren't polished, and we still have a lot to learn. But it was a first, and firsts are always lessons. On the other hand, the tactics of the Washington police actually helped us quite a bit. The last and only other time such mass arrests had been made in Washington was following King's assassination, where 7,000 blacks were thrown into jails. Doing the same to us was something the black community could really identify with, and besides, it made killer headlines (and gave Newsweek a cover story.) By making wholesale sweeps, violating legality in the arrest procedure, herding the victims into overcrowded cells and detention camps, and keeping them there for hours without food, water or sanitary facilities, the administration opened itself up for bad publicity. The arrests also provided reporters with a fertile area for the kind of "human interest" stories they so like to do. For example, one HEW lady was just riding her bicycle to work and got maced and then arrested. Another working man spent 2 days trying to get his son out of jail—his son was a student at George Washington University and had just been walking to class when arrested. The father was furious—not at the demonstrators—but at the government for not even TELLING him where his son was, or how he could post bond. Standing outside the Coliseum Monday night, he said "This is a police state. Not even letting me post bond. I fought in World War II, and I was at Pearl Harbor. I beginning to understand what you kids are trying to do. I think after this, I'll join you. And I know after being in that jail, my son will, too..."



FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

Washington. Why did I go again, mindful of past disillusioning circuses I now refer to as boria-toria? Political wordbaths. Oratories all washed up from verbage. Memories of the last two years, their rallies and marches that left me weary and bored with the same slogans and rhetoric. The beauty of the Mayday idea wiped all those reasons not to go away. The spirits of Martin Luther King and Mahatma Ghandi revived with some Paul Revere and Daniel Boone to give it some spice. A plan to nonviolently stop a system-based on genocide thru electronic warfare—before it virtually wipes out a whole people—just like the Indians. Eureka! "But will it work?" I thought. I decided to give it a chance...and left before most people in the Chicago area Mayday Tribe did. I went with some people who used to work on one of Lincoln Park's more noble efforts at a community service: the now defunct Free City Exchange. Five people, one van and much hilarity: "Next stop Fullerton, Change for the Ravenswood elevated. Smoking on the train is prohibited."

We arrived about noon April 24th and parked the van in an alley behind Pennsylvania Ave. I joined the passage into a sea of several hundred thousand people. The familiar contradictory cries of "Peace Now! Damn Liberal Politicians! Fuck— (you can fill in the blank). Smash Imperialistic Capito-Industrialist Robber Barons Now! Work Within the System!" permeated the line of march. Soon, I found myself at the foot of Capitol Hill... And as I expected, there they were, the same old speakers—"leaders" in the movement, government and labor urging us either to support our local ballot boxes (no word on corruption of course) or carry on the struggle. Recitations of how many were killed, whodunits, denunciations of Dick, Spiro and John. It went on and on...I didn't hear it all above the bullhorns, walkie-talkies and chants. That was a feat for those lucky enough to be near a public address system outlet. The whole area becomes a modern day Tower of Babel.

...The masses sing along with Mary Travers, the Answer still blowing in the wind. Peace marshalls line the streets... "Would you move in a little more for peace?" My limited incursion towards the sidewalk thwarted, I go with people somewhat aimlessly. Confusion heated by the sun brings on the blues. That night a couple hundred thousand people jam the Washington Phallus grounds for a rock concert. Country Joe. Phil Ochs. Neil Young. Etc. And goddammit, I missed the Airplane, sleeping on top of the van after a busy day.

The week arrives. My spirits are lifted by the mindblowing human carpet at National Selective Service. Nonviolence is still something to believe in. It had people crying...We set up at the Peace Village. I slept under the stars in a pup tent by the Potomac. My sleeping bagged eyes are awoken by the next days hellos, huggings and you care about the thousands that care about you—a feeling for people I find missing in the egovibes and hip hypocrisy of Lincoln Park. So over the next few days I went around to people and places in the park. I saw love getting stronger but women and gay folks were still very much hassled. There are new ways to interrelate. Off old trips fossilized.

I wish I could've done more around the Mayday/People's Coalition offices. One more nuisance we do not need. Doing too much, maybe nothing. Falling asleep all the time. "Mayday! Mayday!"... The peace village gets evicted by Police Chief Jerry Wilson's rock n' roll armored car playing "Illegal Assembly" b/w "Everybody's Got Something to Hide Except for Me and My Billyclub." We eat wet pretzels leaving the park, passing long lines of police shaping up to sweep the park of its week long inhabitants. Later we regrouped at a church near our target.

May 3. We move. Washington stark naked in the dawn. Busloads of police along with scooter troops upkeeping business as usual. The traffic must go through, interfering with the rights of others to exist. No Indochinese ever told me they wanted

bombs dropped on them. Small groups of police scatter about trying to keep side streets open. A patrol car drives up to us and the driver maces some women in front of me. We scatter. Uncool. We're off balance, running into nearby police. We walk and get rounded up. The cop who arrests me says: "Relax. It's just a game..." No brutality hassles as we are put in a rent-a-truck. It makes a couple of stops. Sally is on the second... The black cops seem more tolerant than the white ones. Some brothers and sisters get roughed up on the way into the van. It's driver was some sort of homicidal maniac, jamming on the brakes a lot, as if we're some sort of masochistic cattle or sheep. A sister thinks intimidating and baiting police is cool. A lot of us try to stop it with some success.

They hauled us away to the main jail. As the truck enters the underground jail garage, the mace on my clothing gets to my face. It mixes with the tear gas in the area. It's everywhere. A sister and brother hold my hands in comfort. I can't see. I want to cry. I put water over my eyes. It gets better. The back door opens and we step out—one more search before incarceration...Five hundred to a cellblock normally holding a hundred. Cell 27. Sixteen of us in a five by seven box for seventeen hours. We sang lots of songs...Zappa, Beatles...and ommmed. The omming is the heaviest: a high form of cosmic love and communal karma. We are incredibly together then.

More baiting... "Fuck you pig!" agitators try to incite us into their own death trips. From mace, how far can you run in a jail cell? A lot of people try to relate to the police from their cells. An attempt at dialog crushed by verbal flak. What a bummer... Maybe some other time. Natural hallucinations set in around the tenth hour. I forgot what I saw. Reality was on the wrong side of the bars...Dreams fade and the thirst to set our lives completely free continues. Sandwiches come.

Later we bail out. A stronger few decide to stay including several women singing "This Little Light of Mine." A cellmate and I return to the church we started from. Somebody from my affinity group sees me first. There is a lot of mutual hugging and at that time sighs of relief going around. "Hold on. It's gonna be all right..." I decide to play it cool and rest.

Sisterlove. Brotherlove. Peoplelove, from the streets to the jails in and out and free all the time as can be. We are tired and come home to return again and again. I could have said more and less. Time crumbles presumptions of our paranoid fantasies. There are no solutions unless there are tests. More and more we learn the ground and sky, run ways, approaches and how to fly. We are each others lover so watch us trying to stop a war and a government that refuses to recognize that we want LIFE for all even at its front door....

---Uncle Martin



CHICAGO SEED PAGE 3

HELLO MY FRIENDS

"Trouble ahead, trouble behind..." were the words to the music that spun through my head as we began our journey to Washington. An hour later it was the song playing on the radio. When we had been in Washington a day, it was the song one of my compatriots was almost unconsciously singing as we wandered through the streets...the night before leaving, staying up all night tripping on acid-taken this time as a sacrament, a renewal-rediscovery of my being before a potentially (or so I thought) perilous journey. Waiting around to leave, an old friend stops by and we "kidnap" him and his friend to come with us.

Washington, D.C. Been there so many times before.... Pentagon... Moratorium... Panther conference... Each time I say it'll be the last...the last time spent traveling the better part of a thousand miles to Our Nation's Capitol for the "heavy revolutionary action" only to spend one, two or three days wandering around trying to find a place to crash, a place to eat, a phone, a ride and a washroom. But here I am going back again. Mostly 'cause I'm scared. Mostly cause I don't want to go. "Nothings happening in Washington this time except a whole buncha people being busted," a friend tells me, "why do you want to go there?"

Why did I go? Maybe to prove something to myself--that I meant what I said I believed--that I was on the side of the Vietnamese and felt as one with them, that their enemy was in fact one and the same as mine. A lot of it was very selfish. For another part of my going was that for some time now, in many ways I had felt alone. No alone in the sense of being "uniquely different" or any egotrip like that, but in the sense of "nobody loves me, nobody wants me, guess I'll go out and eat some worms." It had been a long, cold harsh winter for me, increasing time spent physically alone in my room, up all nights with the lights on staring at the walls, increasingly passive, feeling "what's the use?", increasingly withdrawn, incapable of talking to anyone about anything. Days would pass without me having even brief conversations with anyone about anything. I felt like I was a drag to be with, that I was of no use to anyone and that I shouldn't inflict my presence on other people where it wasn't wanted. I gradually dropped almost all my friends.

I went to Washington to try once again to feel like a part of something bigger than myself. To be at common purpose with a large number of people, to try and bring out more of the generosity and love that was still somewhere in me for the thousands of far-out freaks who would be there, who I could identify with, but whom I felt so inferior and inadequate next to.

Much of being in Washington this time was, like before, the petty hassles of daily life. I went with the people I work with, most of whom I didn't feel like I really knew very well, or felt specially

close to. And I worry about whether they really like/care about me.

When we get there, after a long night's drive spent playing word games in the car, the best I can manage to do is find the camping spot on the edge of the Potomoc River and fall fast asleep. Saturday afternoon I wake up and wander around downtown with three other people. More weariness sets in--and I sleep through the all night rock festival.

The first day has ended and still I feel alone, alienated from the people I came with, much less the surrounding cast of thousands. I want so much to somehow reach out to them, but I feel so shy, so ...I don't know....out of it...I haven't really talked to anyone today...and I can't really get into sitting around the campfire, cooking and eating dinner, playing with frisbees...I'm just there, so I roll over and go to sleep once again, I withdraw into the cocoon of my sleeping bag.

Only to be rudely awakened at around 7 in the morning by a nudge on the shoulder from someone who informs me that we all have to leave the park, the permit is cancelled, the pigs are on the outskirts of the area. I'm cold, I've rolled out of my sleeping bag during the night, the ground is damp, the wind is chilly coming across the river. I need to piss. And there's a meeting going on to decide what to do, where (if anywhere) to go...And I stand here shivering incredibly, feeling very small, vulnerable and weak in addition to the cold. I'm barely listening to what's being said...lots of it sounds like rumors made up on the spot by people who feel like they have to say something. I'm very afraid of losing track of my friends in the expected coming confusion. And I'm shivering so bad. And a sister I've never seen before walks up next to me, asking "are you cold" and swiftly answers her own question by shielding me from the wind, standing behind me with her arms around me, patting me on my shoulder. Now I'm speechless once again and it's all I can manage to croak out a feeble "thank you" as the meeting ends and we leave each other. And amazingly, it happens again, with another person, as I'm standing around waiting to move out of the park with the rest of the people.

Monday's street action finds me help build my first street barricade, doing lots of running from the pigs, seeing two plainclothes pigs freak out and grab a jug of apple cider from our stalled car, thinking it a molotov. We are running and in back of us a kid yells as a police dog bites his ass and brings him down. Ten...eleven...maybe thirteen of us and just one cop. "Don't run!" someone yells, "let's help him." We turn around and start towards the cop, who pulls out his gun and holds the barrel level, looking like he means business. We resume our run.

I feel mostly good about the action, but when I hear that there were 7,000 arrests, I feel sure that there will be hardly anyone in the street Tuesday,



resulting in a masacree. So at that point, feeling like most of the action was probably over, I mostly hung back.

And my sisters and brothers surprised me. They came back strong--close to 3,000 arrests were made Tuesday and more than a thousand the day after. People demonstrated self-reliance, determination, stamina and spirit.

And the people in Washington surprised me too--everywhere the smiling faces, the wave of recognition, the fist signs. Walking one night across the street from the cordoned off White House, a car full of straight looking folks stops and offers to put three of us up for the night. One afternoon a middle-aged black man stops two of us and tries to find out if we need places to crash, if we're hungry, if we have a way to get back home.

Sitting in the courtroom, we realize more and more the seriousness of taking action against the monster--maybe a paper tiger in the long run, but right now very real teeth--and the judge is talking about \$250 cash bonds for some of our people, is harassing and attempting to embarrass people. Middle age professionals from D.C. come down and volunteer to claim they know X,Y or Z very well and will take responsibilities for their court appearance. One French immigrant woman says that she will find "lots of work" for the brother released in her custody and keep him "out of trouble." She plays up to the judge, acts humble...and gives us a triumphant fist as she leaves the court.

Hello my friend
So good to see you again
Been all by myself
I don't think I can make it alone...

--Jimi Hendrix

None of us can. My personal feelings of alienation and loneliness only served to help make my fears of uselessness to my sisters and brothers a self-fulfilling prophecy.

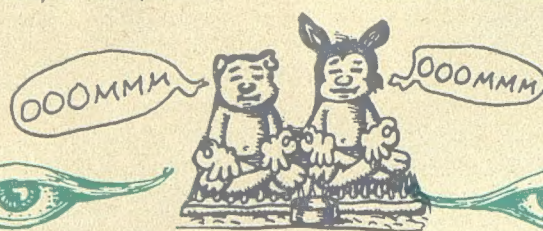
I learned alot in Washington. I knew that the stern look on my friend's faces was fear and insecurity ==many of the same feelings I had--rather than disapproval or dislike.

Each of us tied down, shackled, gagged, bound by the same educational systems, the same mass media stereotyped role models, the same ways of "earning a living," the same sex roles. And because of this, we hold terrible power over each other, to hurt and injure by a look and a word--or their absence. But that is also the power, once this is realized, to reach out to each other--to help each other feel stronger.

The people of Indochina have fought for decades. The struggle in this country has barely begun. There still is "trouble ahead, trouble behind..." But Washington was a tremendous victory--it spread new waves of energy and courage throughout the country. "Soon," said the Daily Cardinal in Madison, "there will not be enough prisons in the whole of America to jail those who oppose the U.S. government's policies in Southeast Asia."

Mayday was a step in this direction. I feel incredibly closer with my friends. I feel much more open and warm towards new people. I feel hopeful. I'm ready to get to work. Hello my friends...let's shield each other against the winds as we build our new shelter...

--Bernie



Vol. 6 No. 12. Weeks late. Because we have been smiling at each other so much. words and words and pictures and words on Mayday, trying hard to share our regeneration/rejuvenation. Finally it is all making sense. We have been somewhere, we are going somewhere, together. Our 'staff' (such a funny word for a group of friends) decreased by 2 people and one dog; but we got Virginia and Virginia got to us. Hello, Virginia.

Despite the fact that our composer just broke down, our stat machine is for shit, and we're out of spray glue, we'll still be here at 950 W. Wrightwood, Chicago 60614 (phone 929-0133) late nights working and playing, and making a paper, and during days 11-6 to work and play with you. On the Sunday after an issue comes out, we'll be around the office for street sellers but on other Sundays we'll be in the park. But then so will you.

This issue of the paper could not have happened without Peter, Earl, Bernie, Diane, Rich, Virginia, Maralee, Uncle Martin, Mitch, Becky and MaryKay who alone kept sanity in the office during Mayday, and to whom we apologize again for not calling; Donovan, Rich again, Janet, Steve, Stein, Barbara, Kathy Steve again, John, Roger, Flora, Steve again, Sandra, Pippin, Joanne, Susie, Steve again, Maury from the Red Squad, target 17, Tar, Fred's 4 star restaurant, People's Law, May Day Tribes everywhere, Jamie, Evelyn, Jesse, Virginia, Men Against Cool, the people in the D.C. Church who put us up, bail money, canteens ace bandages, rubber bands, nylon string, Rita, Bob and Patty, MacDonald's, and Joanne's good Borscht (sorry we missed Joanne), and the new Hare Krishna album...

This paper will probably survive on karma for a good long while now, but to make things easier we could use Scotch spray glue, 11 X 14 manila envelopes, exacto knives, border tape, mimeo paper, magic markers, a conveyor belt to haul papers up the steps, photographic screens, rapidographs, a truck, van or microbus, reporting of what's happening in your head or your neighborhood (preferably both), and feed-back. We are also in need of copies of three issues of the Seed from last summer--the one's with Micky Mouse, Popeye & Olive Oil, and Huey Newton & Bobby Seale on the covers. Also original artwork wanted and grafic books (picture books of all kinds.)

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See you next Mayday.

"Attention, attention. This is the Metropolitan Police. The permit for this park has been revoked. You are now unlawfully occupying this park. You will be given time to leave. Anyone who remains will be arrested." Cold feet. Dismal grey sky through half-closed eyes. Am I awake, or is this some fantasy of my unconscious. "Attention, attention. This is the Metropolitan Police. The permit for this park has been revoked. . . . If I go back to sleep will I negate it?"

Yesterday had seemed almost ideal. Camping on the banks of the Potomac, cooking dinner over a fire, sleeping next to each other . . . and now we had to leave.

Sunday night we are sleeping very crowded in the basement of a black church. Hard to sleep—so many people talking in the dark. I wake up when Dave returns from a walk around our target, several blocks away. Not many pigs out at 3 am, but once in Washington, our plan to spray paint the stoplights to make them unreadable seems to risky.

Too soon it is 5:30 and someone wakes me. We dress, pack up food, sleeping bags, load the cars, and by 5:50 we are driving toward 1st St & O St., our staging area. Many clumps of people are walking towards that intersection, but no one is there when we arrive. We drive down New York Ave. to the intersection with New Jersey, our target, and see five people attempting to halt traffic. We motion that we will be right back, and park the car near the staging area. Now there are many people, and we scurry to our intersection down several streets. We begin blocking cars—there aren't too many yet. One man turns off the ignition in his truck. Several motorists are ready to run us over, so we move out of their way. Two plainclothes police get out of their car and shake billy clubs at us, but they don't chase us far, so we regroup. Then they start coming in force, with their plastic-visored helmets. These guys are for real. They chase us and several people are swatted with clubs. A police car passes us and a pig flings a glass bottle out the window. Then they swing around and try to hit us. Down a side street. We see the scooter squad on the next street chasing people, and we realize that open areas are dangerous. Back to New York Ave. via a different street. I don't see the cop who swats me on the rear because I am watching another one pull Celeste by the arm.

Now I am alone—separated from my group—and having difficulty breathing from so much running (my asthma is more of a liability than I thought). I'm ready to quit for the day; it doesn't seem worth the effort any more for what little we are accomplishing. It's only 7 am, and we're meeting at McDonald's at noon—five more hours of running? I know I can't take it.

I find Henry and Susie and we go down a side street looking for the others. No luck, only more pigs on scooters, and the threat of tear gas. We head back to the regroupment point, and on the way find Vicki and Bill. We decide it is useless running around like this; we are accomplishing little split into twos and threes and fives, so we head for Henry's VW van, to make a go of slowing traffic on wheels. We get to the van and there are Sam and Beth and Mike heading for the station wagon with the same idea. It is the last we are to see of any of our group for some time.

In the van we rest. I feel incredibly secure—encased in armor. Driving down a side street to get to the square we pick up a guy who wants to get out of the area. Then we are waved down by two people who help a guy with a broken foot into the van. He had been racing all over on his motorcycle, really giving the cops a chase, when he had hit something, and it was all over. We helped him find his cycle and park it in a safer place. Then we drove him to the coffee house where the MCHR (Medical committee for human rights) had their center for our target. Their doctors were all out and many medics had been picked up already by police. We left him there and drove on, intending to see what was happening on the west side of the square (we had been on the east side) where the New Haven group had been stationed. On the way we took some slow left turns and blew up some balloons. We figured we would toss them out to people.

We come up along side a grassy area filled with freaks who have been pulled in and are waiting for the buses to take them away. They are surrounded on the outside of the two-foot high iron fence, by a line of helmeted pigs. The van stops at the light and I open the side door and throw out two balloons. One pig turns and looks at the balloons and then at the van and walks over. "I think you'd better get out." I look at the others in the van and then descend. "What's wrong?" asks the innocent I. "You're littering." "Oh, well, I'll pick them up." and I move toward a balloon. "No, you'd better join the others. I walk towards the group in the middle of the area, tears starting to form, tears of fury and helplessness. Then I look back and see the others leaving the van. Waiting for the buses we hum on kazoes and play frisbee and watch the van being towed away. One person is playing a guitar with harp accompaniment. The frisbee flies into the street, and a mini-skirted lady on a bicycle stops and picks it up and brings it to us. "Arrest that woman," cries a super-pig over a bullhorn. But she is on the bicycle again, and no one moves toward her.

for the sake of a balloon



We decide to try to get on the same bus, the five of us. Waiting, we are talking to a black cop who says the only time he ever hit anyone since he's been on the force was this six-foot-six heavy he was really scared of. He and another black cop escort us to the bus so we can stay together. Bill's pliers are confiscated. I tell them I have a bottle of hydrogen peroxide in my pouch, but they don't take it. Sitting in the bus my eyes sting, and soon we realize that there is a small residue of tear gas. So this is tear gas? It's like peeling onions. On the way in the bus we sing, raise our fists out the window and get many in return. We stop outside a walled and barbed-wired building—the jail, but after two minutes we move on and finally the bus turns into a parking lot next to a fenced-in area filled with fellow prisoners.

It is frightening walking from the bus into the camp, down a path lined with MPs (turns out later that they were really National Guardsmen, but all the national guardsmen were wearing MP uniforms—to make them look more scary?). Into the POW camp, and we are enthusiastically greeted by those already there, by handshakes, pats on the back, cheering. Once past the crowd at the entrance we see this vast area with a green tarp in the middle. It is rather dismal. A trench is being dug we are told for a latrine. The sky is still grey and there is a cold wind. We are at the back when a new group arriving practically tips over the bus they are in by collectively leaning to the left then to the right then to the left . . . At the same time a group of people are pushing from the inside of the fence, and it goes down. Tear gas is shot into the camp and everyone runs towards the back. The air quickly clears.

The green tarp is becoming a huge garish tent. A pick and shovel have been provided, plus wooden poles. It goes up, the tarp tears, it comes down. It goes up again and the main pole stays. Various people dig in other poles which come down at varying intervals, causing the tent to constantly change shape. We take a small piece of tarp inside the tent and lie down on it and nap. It is warmer inside. The tarp is constantly billowing. One minute there are twenty of you in one area of the tent. The next minute the tarp lifts and you can see thirty more people in another part of the tent. After a few hours I go out and find that portable toilets have been brought in—what a relief!

There are balony sandwiches everywhere. Rumor has it they were made by the DAR. Bags of granola have been thrown over the fence. Later, after I am out I overhear someone say that he had a porkchop dinner with broccoli while he was in the concentration camp. Spectators have gathered and thrown all sorts of food over the fence. Most of them are chased away.

We have a meeting to discuss our situation. We are told by a lawyer that we will probably not be processed til the next day, but we will most probably be moved that evening since a) it is going to be about 30° that night, and b) the guards are really jumpy because of the poor security of the place—it is only a chain link fence. Dr. Spock can be seen in the crowd, and there are rumors that Abbie Hoffman is there with a broken nose, trying to be inconspicuous.

We go back in the tent to get warm and sleep some more. I am cold, uncomfortable and numb to all concerns except staying warm and not losing the others. I realize that anything else I cannot effect at this point. I have no control over how long I will be here, over whether I will be on the street tomorrow, over when I will be with the rest of the group again. I accept this, I am unconcerned, for I am one of a group of five, one of a group of three thousand.

Around eight we start lining up to be removed from the camp. We see buses come and go but the line doesn't move any. There are campfires built along the fence. We sing and shiver while we wait. Our favorite song is "We all live in a concentration camp, a concentration camp, a concentration camp." A group of people have made up verses and stand paper in hand to sing them, be I can't make out the words. Finally, we are moving in line, step by step, inch by inch. Around ten o'clock we get on an army vehicle. It looks like a boxcar on the back of a truck, only it has lots of windows, with bars on them. Inside there are two areas of benches, with wire gates which are locked before we move. I feel such relief to sit on a bench, sheltered from the cold wind. This time we sing "My Country tis of Thee," "This Land is your Land" and "America the Beautiful." As we reach the Washington coliseum, our destination, we are singing "Glory, glory hallelujah." It is a shock going from the dark into the brightly lit coliseum. The floor is concrete, ringed with MPs standing in the first row of seats. The five of us find a space on the floor and sit down. Already there is a long line to the men's washroom. Ten are allowed to go at once. There is no line to the ladies room. It doesn't seem like there will be enough room for everyone to lie down. The lights are bright and hot, the floor is cold and hard. I feel like I have a fever with a flushed forehead and cold back.

There are tables being set up to process us at the far end of the coliseum. We are told the situation: Most of us have been "illegally detained", that is, no arrest record was filled out, no mug shot taken, no finger prints, no charges brought against us at the time we were pulled in. We will all be charged with disorderly conduct when we are processed. We don't have to tell them anything, not even our names. They will fingerprint us and take mug shots. By paying ten dollars collateral we can get out. Judge Green of the Superior Court has said that if the city of Washington cannot show cause why we are being held by eight o'clock Tuesday evening (it is now Monday night) we must be released. Most of us decide to hold out til then, but already there is a long line of people waiting to be processed. They want out now. I feel like I could stay here for days before I would be desperate to get out. Part of me is with the rest of our group—are they in the church, are they worried about the five of us, will they go out again tomorrow morning?—I assume that Celeste is the only other one in jail, and I worry about her because she is by herself. But no one is by herself, by himself, even in the jails, I realize later. We are a people. An injunction is being prepared by some lawyers to move the time up when we will be released. It will be presented in the morning. Meanwhile the police may force us to be processed by telling us to get in line. We can resist by not moving and going limp, making them drag us over. We will not have extra charges against us for this action, we are told.

The MPs have been sitting in the first row of seats. Suddenly, on one side, they are standing, apparently the result of an order by one in higher command. A chant starts up: "Let them sit, let them sit, let them sit. . . ." It is taken up by all the POWs and resounds through the place like the roar of a football crowd. After nearly ten minutes they are allowed to sit again, and we go wild. We are standing now and chanting "One, two, three, four, we don't want your fucking war", singing "power to the people." Such high energy, shivers run down my back. After it dies down, we sleep, a difficult disturbed sleep beneath hot lights, on top of cold concrete. I marvel that there are those with sleeping bags. Wake up a couple of hours later to find that army blankets had been distributed, but the five of us had slept through it, so we had none. Another barrage of sandwiches hits us. Every couple of hours they arrive, and people throw them into the crowd. At one point there is fruit and we share a banana. A banana, here?!

Sleep again, and a dream that I am in my grandmother's apartment and in the apartment above are a lot of people chanting and stomping and I am genuinely afraid that the ceiling is going to cave in, so I retreat to the bathroom. Then I wake up and find the chanting and stomping is very real. "Ho, ho ho Chi Minh, NLF is gonna win." Indian war whoops.

Oranges. Boxes of oranges sent by senator Muskie. Cheese sandwiches (a relief from baloney). Lots of granola. Messages from the outside read over a bullhorn: "Mary, so-and-so is outside with bail money. Send someone upstairs to let him know you are here. Anyone from U. of New Hampshire, someone is outside with bail money."

Five-thirty am I go upstairs to call the church to let people know where we are before they go out on another day's action. Ten to six it is my turn in line and I call and ask for Betty. She is awakened and when I tell her it is me she says "Wow." I tell her where we are—they figured we were in the coliseum but had had no word—and that we are going to wait until eight to see if we are released. If we are not back tonight, or before they leave the church Wednesday morning, we will meet them at noon at McDonald's, our Monday afternoon meeting place, which we never made. I ask about Celeste—she is free! We talk for what seems like a long time and finally I say goodbye, remembering

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D.C. REFLECTIONS

It's Sunday night and I've been a D.C. veteran for four days. I haven't talked or thought about much that didn't have to do with my Mayday experience. Two things have happened these past four days—alot of the spontaneity of the experience has slipped away and the meaning of the events has crystallized. When I first got home, I could just sit back and let words flow out. Now I find myself analyzing what I'm telling.

I want to write about what happened to me as an individual and as a woman. It seems important to start with my preconceptions because I think they influenced what I feel now.

Much of my motivation for going was pretty apolitical. I'd never been to Washington, it's always fun to go on a trip and there would be alot of excitement. I didn't get into thinking about how little effect we would be able to have on the government because I didn't want to have any of my enthusiasm dampened. My idea of what would happen was that we'd go into the streets and cars would stop. Then we'd dance and sing and rap with the drivers (many of whom would be converted on the spot.) I didn't think much about the pigs beyond deciding that they wouldn't do much. Washington pigs weren't Chicago pigs, after all.

The first rude awakening came when we were kicked out of West Potomac Park. Some of the others in my group thought it was a fairly ominous sign, but I don't remember thinking of it as more than a pain in the ass.

After we moved all of our stuff to a church, three of us decided to check out our target area. We walked around, distributed a few leaflets and spent alot of time talking to policemen stationed on the corners. Most of them seemed alright. They were willing to listen to what we had to say and didn't appear to be particularly hostile or threatening.

We drove out to Georgetown and found the rest of our group attending a Chicago regional meeting. Then we had a heated discussion among the twenty or so of us who'd driven out together about whether to stay at the university or go back to the church. We went back to the church, but Kay and Tom and I felt that the chances of being able to get to Mt. Vernon Square from there on Monday morning weren't very good. We decided to try our luck at sleeping in a van farther away from the target. I felt really bad about not sticking with the group, but I also felt that it was important for some of us to make it out to the streets the next morning. And, although I was unable to admit it at the time, my loyalty to our group wasn't as strong as my fear of missing some of the action.

As it turned out, we all made it to our target area anyway. We met the others at 6:00 and started trying to stop traffic. There were a few minutes when we actually succeeded, but suddenly what seemed like thousands of pigs appeared. Helicopters, squad cars, paddy wagons and the scooter squad descended on us all at once. The intersections were full of those club-swinging bastards. I was getting scared and trying very hard to avoid being separated. I fell into a passive role quite easily. When I saw pig cars driving onto the sidewalks to chase freaks, I began to believe that getting killed was a real possibility.

Every time we were able to get together a group of at least ten, we'd run into the street again. Then we'd be dispersed. This happened a few times and then a pig grabbed me. I find the next few moments hardest to remember and describe. I think it was something like being in shock—more confusing than frightening. I remember being hit on the head and being dragged, part of the way by my hair. I wasn't aware of it, but three of my friends came at the pig who was dragging me and he dropped me so that he could club them. I got up and there was Nancy in front of me yelling "Run!" Then another pig grabbed me. I think I was hit again, but I'm not sure. The next thing I knew, I was standing on the curb and a third pig was holding onto my arm. He looked like a regular traffic cop (the others had helmets and mace and mean, mean looks on their faces.) I had to stand there and wait to be carted off. I started crying from fear and frustration, but then I felt ashamed and stopped.

Two other women and I were put on a requisitioned Hertz rent-a-truck and then we drove slowly up the street picking up more prisoners. We women were treated pretty gently, but the men were thrown around quite a bit. The pigs kept heaving people in until it began to feel like the movies of Nazi cattle cars going off to concentration camps. Our driver was very hostile. He'd floor it and then slam on the brakes so that we all fell all over each other and banged into the walls of the truck.

We were driven to the Central Cell Complex, where we sat and waited for about half an hour, amid clouds of gas that were coming off people's clothing. When we got off the bus, the men and women were separated. The men were taken to cells, but we women were put into a sort of detention room. There were about fifty of us but different from the men, we did have enough room for everyone to sit down. There was a pay phone in our room, so people could make calls, but they never allowed us to see any of the legal aid people.

We sat there for about eleven hours. The only concession the pigs would make was to grudgingly allow someone to go to the bathroom or to fill a canteen, but only rarely. Off and on there was alot of gas from people's clothing and the pigs wore gas masks much of the time.

The spirit was pretty together. We kept up a fairly constant noise, singing, chanting, and shouting and there was a definite feeling of sisterhood most of the time. It became obvious later, though, that we could get away with baiting the pigs more than the men could, because, as women, we were no threat.

After several hours, they started fingerprinting and photographing us. It never occurred to me to refuse to comply, and no one else resisted. We weren't



aware that this sort of processing isn't accepted procedure in misdemeanors (actually, we hadn't even been charged yet). Looking back, though, I can see that I fell into a passive role again and didn't have to think about resisting.

We were taken upstairs and put into cells after several more hours. It was very crowded and hot. After we'd been in jail for twelve more hours, they finally brought around some really nasty bologna sandwiches. A few women talked about a hunger strike, but I found myself unable to resist the pig food.

About an hour later, the pigs announced that everyone could get out on \$10 collateral if we didn't hassle them. I'd like to be able to say that I refused to contribute and chose to stay in jail, but I was right there in line with the money (\$5 of which was given to me by a sister.)

When I got back to the church, I found that five of the others were locked up in the Colesium. There was a regional meeting and then our group met to decide what to do on Tuesday. Some wanted to split, others weren't sure. Six of us decided to try the streets again.

I really had to force myself to go out Tuesday morning. I felt much more scared than I had Monday. When we got out there, it was clear that we wouldn't be able to do much of anything because the pigs were so concentrated. Everyone was wandering around in very small groups. Finally, about thirty of us got together on a corner and decided to go into the street. The minute we got off the curb two of our supposed brothers pulled out clubs and started beating people. Needless to say, this was pretty disheartening. I think everyone escaped, though.

We decided to wait until 11:30 and get in on the march to the Justice Department. There were alot of pigs around the starting point, Franklin Square, including our friends from the Chicago Red Squad, but they weren't into hassling yet.

We marched to the J.D. and then sat and listened to speakers for an hour or so. Then we were told to leave or be arrested. We decided to stay, but those who did try to leave weren't allowed to.

At the time, I didn't realize what an explosive situation we were in: totally bottled in by a whole lot of pigs wearing gas masks and beginning to raise their clubs. If anyone had panicked, I think it's fairly likely that people would have been trampled and beaten really badly. It was very tense until a woman got up and started playing her flute, and then it was possible to get rid of alot of tension by dancing and getting into the music.

We were photographed and put onto busses without incident. The bus ride to jail was one of the high points for me. We flew an NLF flag out the window and sang and shouted and rocked the bus. I felt united with those other POW's and that in many ways we'd won.

We were taken to a precinct jail in Georgetown, later to the Central Complex again, and finally to the courthouse jail. My second jail experience wasn't very different from the first in physical details, except that I was in for 25 hours instead of 13. Emotionally, it was a whole different trip. It was much harder to feel together with my sisters. I found myself reacting very hostilely to pig-hassling because it seemed that it would only lengthen our stay. But after enough hours had passed to make it clear that what we did or did not do had no apparant effect on when we'd get out, I was able to redirect my hostility and join the others against the pigs.

When we got to the courthouse and began to get reports of \$250 minimum bonds, I started to get pretty uptight. I also had to hassle with feelings that the right thing to do was to stay in jail and not post bond. My desire to get out was a hell of alot stronger than my desire to do the "right thing." I didn't have to come to grips with that decision, though, because my judge dismissed our cases since the arrests had been unconstitutional and illegal.

One of the women in our cell at the courthouse was really beautiful. She refused to tell the pigs who she was even after being in solitary confinement at the Women's Detention Center. And she was totally calm and together. I wish I could have been half the person she was.

Three of us waited for the rest of our men to get out of jail Thursday. I sat in on some of the trials while looking for our friends, and got a chance to see Amerikan justice in action. Some of the judges were incredible fascists. One, Judge Daly, had been told by the D.C. Bail Agency that we had a bail fund of \$25,000 contributed by the NLF. He gave everyone he arraigned at least \$250 bonds, some much more. The defense lawyer: were trying to slow things up so that as few people as possible would be under his evil eye, but he kept threatening them with contempt charges. I really found it hard to believe that one man could have such power, since I had thought that the judicial branch (with a few obvious exceptions) was the least corrupt. It was sickening to hear Daly keep saying how unprejudiced he was.

Some of the D.C. residents turned out to be really good people. Many offered to take third party responsibility for freaks who didn't have the money to bail out, without even knowing them. Judge Daly tended to refuse if the people who offered to be third-parties weren't straight-looking.

I feel very good now. I know what it's like to be hit by a pig and I know something of what the jail experience is like. I know that I have brothers and sisters all over the country who want to stop the oppression and whom I can count on in tight situations. I don't really know how to go about making a revolution, but I think I'm finally sure that I want to be part of the struggle.

—Virginia

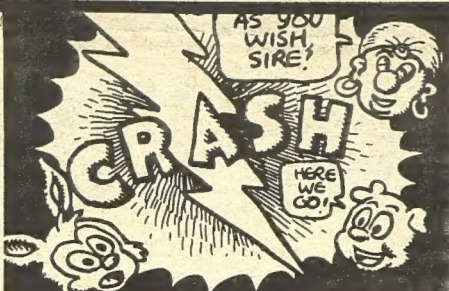
I almost didn't go. I read the leaflets. I helped write the leaflets. I went to the meetings and talked smugly about tactics—be sure to take nylon string and kites to fuck up the helicopters, y'know— People who had passed me with a stiff hello before suddenly became close, we became sisters and brothers joining forces off to fight the war, to stop the war with our grandiose schemes of painting the stoplights black, moving mountains to the middle of the road, and putting our dancing bodies in front of speeding vehicles. It would be an act of love. We were high on the thought of it, and became higher and higher each time we found out that another person would be joining us. But I almost didn't go.

Dreams the night before of what if they use guns? Images of a father chasing a skinny girl through the house with a belt, and his pajamas becoming a police uniform and the initials on his robe a badge and he is yelling "you have disobeyed me and you must be punished" and whomp I am captured and alone.

Saturday morning we arrive in Potomoc Park. "We" being about 20 people who had somehow come together to form our 'affinity group.' We, joining 20,000 other we's (and some they's, too, —have to hand it to Washington's undercover squad, who, as we found out later, were pros at knowing how to look like us.) We, in the park, laughing, building a fire, cooking, and meeting with over 300 Chicagoans and more than 700 people from Rhode Island and Connecticut who shared our target. A word about the target: *vague*. Nothing more than a number 17 on a map of a city most of us had never been to. And forever and ever I will think of Mt. Vernon Square in Washington fondly only as "Target 17." Our mission: block the traffic leading in and out of Mt. Vernon Square on two main arteries: New York Avenue and Mass. Ave. We were 1,000 strong, and at those meetings in Potomoc Park it almost seemed feasible. Our meetings on Saturday were on the banks of the river, with the help of a bullhorn and the hindrance of army helicopters which would fly overhead every 5 minutes to observe our doings (where was our nylon string?), and to take pictures (every photo they get will show 50,000 freaks looking up at them, giving the finger.) Then there were the police patrol boats on the river, to which we would yell out "It's mined."

High energy, good dope, we fell in love that night. There were some rock and roll bands playing but we felt Woodstock was light years away and that wasn't what we were there for anyway, so we fell asleep with our fantasies and our fears.

...and in another punch-clock world i once lived in where there were things like lunch hours i once felt two strong arms grab me in a department store and march/push me to a basement where the store manager emptied my pockets of shampoo and stockings and threatened to call my boss, and what's a nice girl like you doing...no sir, yes sir, i'm sorry sir. Please don't hurt me, I 'won't do it again.



Sunday morning the helicopters were up before we were, and the cop trucks with their loudspeakers —permit violations—you will be given a reasonable time to clear the area—all those who do not leave will be arrested— What? A few crazies were into throwing rocks at the pigs, but most of us knew we had nothing invested in that land, we weren't into defending it. Maybe that's what they wanted. A confrontation over nothing, so they could arrest us then and there. Or maybe they thought that by dispersing us they would defeat us. Sure, some left. But they would have probably left anyway, having come just to hear the Saturday night music. But for the rest of us, the effect was just the opposite, and brought us together all the more quickly. We had big meetings and little meetings and in-between size meetings and we ended up planning to meet again at Georgetown University to finalize Monday morning tactics. Spirits were high. Many churches and private homes had been opened up to us. We knew we weren't alone.

Sunday afternoon we drove to target 17 to take a look-see. There were about 12 streets emptying onto the square and about 5 cops at every intersection. Some jovial, some threatening: "you better walk in groups of no more than 2, or else I'll arrest you for an illegal gathering." The target was bordered by the black community. We went leafleting, explaining why we were doing this thing on Monday,



ON MY

and asking for their support. The leaflet said "To morrow morning and Tuesday morning we will be in the streets around Mt. Vernon Square to stop traffic so that the government cannot function as usual for those two days. We intend to be NON-VIOLENT. We will not damage the property of people who live in the community. We will be running through streets, sitting in streets, blocking off streets—whatever we need to do to stop traffic—but we will be non-violent at all times..."

Somehow, reading that leaflet, and seeing the positive response from the people who lived in the area, made me feel much better.

Meeting finally at Georgetown—

The 300 of us from Chicago have a long drawn out rap about our specific corner on Mr. Vernon Square, and what time we should be there—and even a little bit about what we are going to do there. But the leaflet says...Finally we (they?) pick an intersection about 2 blocks up New York Avenue from the actual square. We assume the important thing is to block the traffic on the street and feel that the further away from the square we are, the less pigs there will be. We plan to meet at a "staging area" a few blocks away from the intersection at 6 a.m.

Five of us drove together from the Georgetown meeting to the Church we would be staying at. It took us 5 hours to get there and this is why: you see, one person with us had borrowed a car from a friend in Washington and the car had stalled earlier that day, and so S. had to get it off the street so he pushed it into the driveway of what he now thinks is the Iranian Embassy. So on the way to the church we had to drive S. to the car and try to push it to start it. And that is why when one Embassy official walked out of his door at 10 p.m. Sunday he found 5 freaks in his driveway and one Daf (that's the name of the car.) We explained what happened, and he smiled nicely and said we would of course get the car out or he would call the police. But no one from our group was a Daf expert, and we decided it would be suicidal to try and push it out into all that traffic with no headlights, and so then we had to go to the pay phone up the road and call the owner of the car, who said to call a towing service, and while S. was making this call, some cops pulled alongside our car and asked what we were doing, "you see, officer, our friend's friend's Daf is parked at the Iranian Embassy..." I guessed they believed us. The driver of our car had taken off his headband when they drove up—so he wouldn't look like a hippy. So then we drove S. back to the Iranian Embassy and left him to wait for the tow truck, but the nice, smiling man from the Embassy had called the cops anyway, and S. had to explain the whole story again.

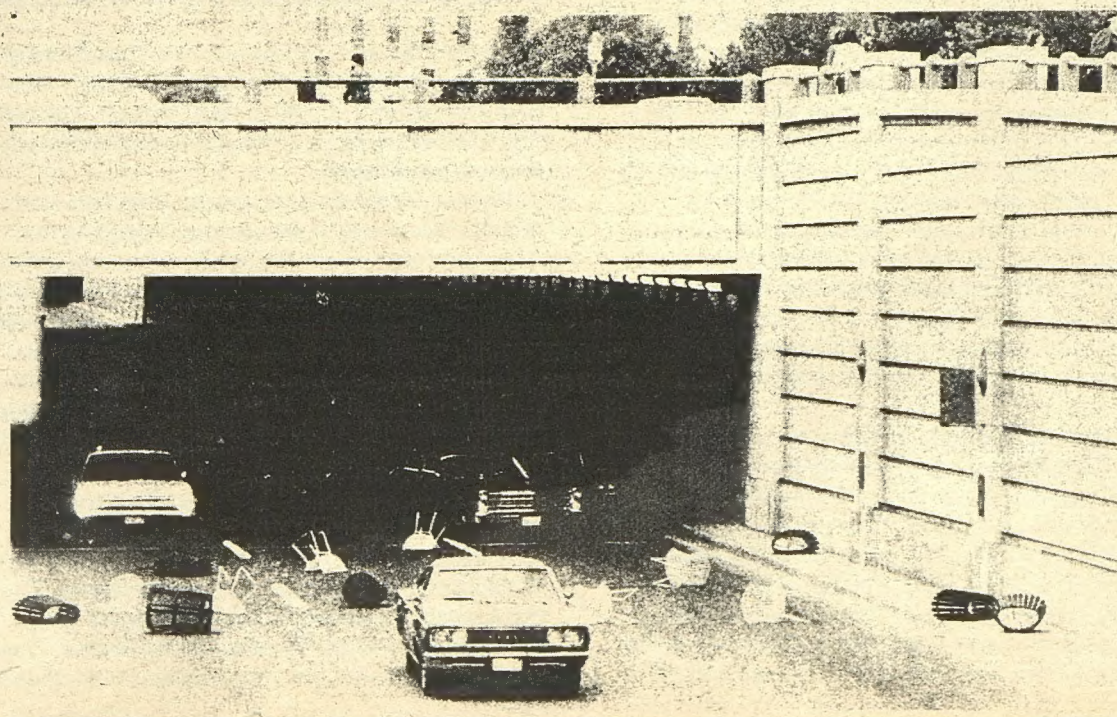
elsewhere and everywhere

While thousands of us were demonstrating in Washington, new energy and motion erupted around the country. At Kent State, students marked the anniversary of last year's killings by vigils and speeches. 2,000 left themourning activities and marched on and occupied the ROTC office. 100 demonstrators were arrested in San Francisco as 2,000 young people circled the Standard Oil building and then battled with police for control of the streets. Thousands of students at Santa Barbara and San Rafael also held demonstrations. 500 Berkeley students trashed bank windows and files and equipment at a local draft board office — succeeding in making the draft board flee Berkeley and moved to Oakland. In San Jose, five National Guard weapons carriers and two half ton personnel carriers were destroyed and 70 damaged. More than 3,000 students rallied to shut down the Center for Vietnamese Studies in Carbondale. 20,000 attended a moratorium rally in New York City. At the University of Wisconsin, all assemblies were outlawed, but there were dozens of gatherings on campus and throughout the city. Students and street people, up to 3,000 of them, fought off tear gas barrages and set up street barricades. More than 1,000 gathered in New Haven in a rally to demand freedom for Bobby Seale and Erika Huggins. 400 students at Bowling Green University in Ohio camped outside the ROTC building after 3,000 held a candlelight march to commemorate the Kent and Jackson killings. Right outside of Washington, 3 to 5 thousand University of Maryland students set up a blockade on U. S. Highway no. one on May 5th.

The governor immediately called in the National Guard and set a curfew but there were very few arrests and students held their ground for hours.

In Boston, 130 people were busted May 6th as police attacked 3,500 demonstrators sitting in at the John F. Kennedy Federal building. The day before, over 30,000 people in Detroit marched on the Chrysler artillery tank plant on April 30. (This plant produces 80% of all U. S. tanks.) Hundreds of Students in Columbus, Ohio threw

eggs, mud and marshmallows at a ROTC military review at the Ohio State University campus May 6th. And thousands at the University of Iowa defended themselves with rocks against police who were trying to break up anti-war street rallies on the 5th and 6th. All over the country, the movement showed Nixon that (as Mark Twain once remarked) "reports of our death have been greatly exaggerated..."



WAY

But just as they were thinking he was crazy, the tow truck drove up, and that's the Iranian Embassy Incident which caused us to get to the church at 2 a.m. on the eve of our disruption.

That night we sleep at a church near the target. It is not what you would call a revolutionary church. There don't seem to be any Panther breakfast Programs around, or even any Panthers, just several nice, middle-aged, tie-and-jacketed people. It is a black church. We cook our food in their kitchen and sleep on their floor and they are supportive in an uninvolved way. It is a nice feeling. Still, getting to sleep is difficult.

running, running away from chicago pigs, away from clubs and gas and stone steel eyes of trench-coated red squad, through the alleys, across the parks, in terror and the sirens and screams-but all we were doing was demonstrating then, just yelling our impotent slogans, chanting our desperate chants, Ommmm-don't hit me. Was that a shot? Don't run, walk, walk, walk, another pig victory, to pile on top of their victory before that, and before that. feelin so baaad...maybe i should move to a farm. after all, i never did anything to deserve the repression. i ain't even black...

Monday morning. D-day. I am up well before 5. What the fuck am I doing here? I am still dreaming of the Chicago Convention and blood and...maybe I could stay here and just, well, you know, sort of keep a look-out. No, I'm in too far now. Is anybody else scared? Please tell me if you are so I will feel better.

A couple of our people had decided against staying in the church, feeling it was too close to the target area, and we'd have trouble getting to the target Monday morning. We peeked out at 5 and all was clear. Not even a lone patrolman. To our cars. Plans to meet at—where was that? Oh, the "staging" area. We drive there first and 3 people are there. Have we missed the action? We are 5 in the car, and we decide to drive right to the intersection to see what is happening. Strange, not much traffic. We see about 25 or so of "us" out in the street, trying to stop traffic (which in this case, is "us", too, since there are only 4 other cars behind us.) So we stop our car—hoping like hell that more cars will come up behind us so we can claim a victory of some sort—but the street behind us is empty. So far, no cops at all, I feel good. Then I see two of the meanest looking bastards I've ever seen in trenchcoats and swinging long, unofficial looking sticks at the demonstrators. They motion us to move on in the car, and look like they're gonna smash the window if we don't, so we do, and go park. From then on the morning becomes a blur of high and low emotional states for me. High

when I saw that there were only 2 undercover pigs to deal with us, and no cops, and high when I could find comic relief in the fact that there was really no heavy traffic to stop (or to run us over). High when the five of us were walking from the car to join our brothers and sisters at the intersection and I, with no hesitation, spied two benches on a sidewalk and tried to pick one up to put in the middle of the street (alas, it was chained down) (but someone else got the other one.) High to remember that I was laughing, running, and the fear, for just a moment, was gone.

And then came the blur of uniforms. To our left, we saw a whole busload of cops start getting out. Ahead of us there were 3 or 4 squad cars peeling around with their sirens on, making U turns and driving right up on the sidewalks. What the fuck? Are they trying to run us down? And then I caught on. A woman who had joined in with us was sprayed full in the face by a grinning cop who just leaned out the window and gleefully pushed the button of his little aerosol can of mace.

I guess it was at that point I realized that the game was for real. We bathed her eyes in water, but then they were at us again. We found a larger group of about 15 people who seemed to be led by a tall, calm fellow who was rapping about how they would just walk peacefully to the target, it was too early to do anything yet, don't run. Made sense, and we filed in line behind him—just in time to see that busload of cops descend on that group, so we ran like hell the other way. Rounding a corner, a cop car drove up next to us. A pig with a bright faced grin gave us the peace symbol, and then managed to take very good aim and spirt two of us in the face with his innocuous looking little mace can.

the stinging went through my eyes to the back of my head and down into my throat and i knew it was all coming true, every bit of it and i wanted to be back at those safe meetings and in that nice church and feel the warmth of smiles and bodies maybe it would just be all over soon, maybe if we just walk and act like we're not doing anything,



but we have to run because they are everywhere. I see some people on an across-the-street hill calling to me to come their way, and as I try to cross the street, one of those mace-carrying cars speeds right in front of me. I do some gymnastics, and run behind the car and across the street but he has gotten out and has someone I was with by the throat. Running up the hill i meet a club swinging—one cop, one club, should I try to get past him. But I have no club, no mace, no gun, I only have my wet handkerchief, my canteen, and my fears, and so I turn back down the hill as his club hits my back, back to across the street to the arms of the 'arresting officer' who has my friend by the neck.

For a few moments it looked as if it was going to end. There we were, 4 of us, standing with two cops trying to confront them with some sort of innocent bullshit "but officer, what am I charged with?" and "do you have to choke me?" and I am struggling with my canteen to get more water on that burning.

And wanting very much to be arrested, but wanting very much not to be hurt anymore—and I wasn't sure which would make the pigs meaner—to have me alone in their car, or to be chasing me on the street. I don't think I ever really rationally worked that out in my mind. What I did do was continue to wipe my eye and mumble something about "just wanting to get out of here." And at that point, something strange happened: they let us go! They fuckin' let go of us, got in their cars, and went off to mace some more down. Thinking back, I'm still trying to decide if my feminine act was responsible for our freedom or if they just were having too much fun playing cops to take the time and trouble to arrest us, or both or who knows. At first I was kind of glad they didn't arrest us. For a moment I flashed back on all those meetings where we talked about the importance of using mobile tactics (running) so we wouldn't get arrested, and therefore be free to go back into more street action. While walking away from the action, we met a few of our people who lay me down and washed my eye. A definite up. I thought I would just sit and recuperate a few minutes and then go

Continued on page 25

Mayday in Washington D.C. was the beginning of moving together as an outraged and joyous people in a mass, imaginative and strategic way against the nation's capitol and its wars in Indochina. It was seeing what a fine people we have become this spring, learning new things about ourselves and our culture, its possibilities, its limits, its strengths. But what impressed me the most was the importance of women as a culturally energized and militant force in effecting the flow of events which made Mayday a victory for all of us.

As women from around the country working with the Women's Center at the Rockcreek Park camp-in, we were horrified with the scene at the camp, which lasted from Saturday April 24 to Sunday morning May 2nd. Rumors of rape and gang-bangs within the camp area spread like wild-fire, some of which were true. It came to the point where we were afraid to walk around at night by ourselves; the ratio of men to women in the camp came to 8 to 1 by the first of May because women were too dragged to hang out there. The huge rock festival on Saturday presented to us only the most macho bands. A lot of our energy was put into trying to change the camp-in, to make it more of a place for women to feel good in, but soon enough we realized that that struggle, crucial as it is to all of us, could not be won there. We knew that it would take lots of changes to be able to have large mixed cultural gatherings, which aren't oppressive to women or which don't turn into Altamonts. It wasn't our scene, and in fact, it was so far off, that we didn't even feel like fighting for it.

We had come to Washington to stop the American government as militant and together women, and we knew that by running in the streets of Washington we would both further bring down Amerika and help to change our sexist culture. Sisters planned a women's march for Sunday afternoon to the State Department.

Women Together



On early Sunday morning, when the pigs forcibly cleared the camp area (which was not surprising to any of us,) lots of us felt freed up; the universities and some churches opened up to us making the entire city ours, and the tension line between the tens of thousands of us roaming the city and the pigs became clearer. By noon, while the park was still being cleared, and things were in a vague air of confusion, sisters were determined to go on with our march. And despite the confusion of

the morning, thousands of women came together, NLF and Pathet Lao flags, rainbow banners waving, smiles and songs at the Washington Monument. As we started to move into the street, a large line of pigs tried to block us. As we moved past them, pig cars and scooters tried to run us over and knock us down. Sisters ran thru the street, jumping around the pig scooters and cars. Again and again the pigs moved in, but we were determined to get thru the streets and continually regrouped. Finally the pigs, freaked by our numbers and our energy and our being women, moved back, and we marched onto the planned route thru George Washington University to the State Department.

The march gained strength as thousands of sisters and some brothers who were lining the streets at George Washington U. and other points joined in, excited to see this first together action after all the camp confusion, and eager to move. Women sang songs for our support and love of the Vietnamese people and for our imprisoned and underground sisters here in Amerika. At several intersections, the pigs again tried to stop us, but we again broke thru their lines. At the State Department the American flag was lowered and the building was spray painted, as were other government buildings along the way.

Women linked arms in groups of four and five, looking out to make sure none of us would be hurt. For many of us this was the first time we had been in the streets during such a heavy pig confrontation and charging situation. For most of us, it was the first time we had really felt safe and strong in the streets, and not uptight about being a woman, or having to hold onto the nearest man, or being terrified the whole time that you're going to be left alone at a bad moment. Sisters took care of sisters. Everyone was totally high off of the afternoon, knowing that all of the people there in Washington to stop the government had everything to learn from sisters moving together to make all of us a better people.

ANGRY TRIAL

Mike James and Pat Sturges of Rising Up Angry appeared in court Monday April 26 before Judge Richard Fitzgerald, and brought more than thirty supporters (including three or four kids) with them. Their charges, growing out of an Oct. 7, 1969 SDS demonstration included disorderly conduct, resisting arrest, mob action, aggravated battery and unlawful use of a weapon. The judge and prosecution had offered the two of them a deal, in which they would get 60 days in jail and three years probation. Mike wanted to turn it down and have a jury trial, while Pat came to court prepared to begin serving a 60 day sentence, but the court said that it had to be both of them, or neither. As a result, both Mike and Pat will be back in court May 21st at 10 a.m. at 26th and California, room 606. The court will hear motions and it is possible that the process of picking a jury will begin. It is important that people turn out to show support. For further information, keep in touch with the Rising Up Angry office, 472-1791.

head is dead

After four years Head Imports closed its doors for good the end of April. Lincoln Avenue has another break in the chain that's keeping out creeping capitalism. We're sorry to see our friends go.

THE FOUR ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ OF US

On Thursday, April 29th, four people walked into the Evanston Draft Board and poured blood on the i-A files. Calling themselves simply "the four of us," (Eileen Kreutz, Thom Clark, Johnny Baranski and Mary Beth Lubbers) were arrested by the Evanston police and turned over to the F.B.I. After spending the night in jail, they were released on \$5,000 bonds. They have not yet been indicted, but expect to be sometime in the next month. What follows is the statement they released following their action:

"Today we four enter the board at mid-day to render useless, through the pouring of blood, iA files which, had they remained intact would have in essence, rendered useless the lives of many people through the violent shedding of blood—be they the lives of the men whose names were recorded thereon, or the lives of Indochinese people those men would have been forced to kill. We act not out of frustration of having nothing else to do, not out of fear of reprisals and legal repercussions, not out of the violent insanity that has engulfed the American people and not out of hate or in anger. We act simply because we deem human life sacred above all property; because we believe the law of love to be truer than the many contrived laws of man and of material conquest, laws formulated under the stranglehold of fear; because we believe that we have not only the right, but indeed the obligation to ourselves and our fellow men to follow the dictates of our conscience, to do away with what is unmitigated evil and to build what is good.

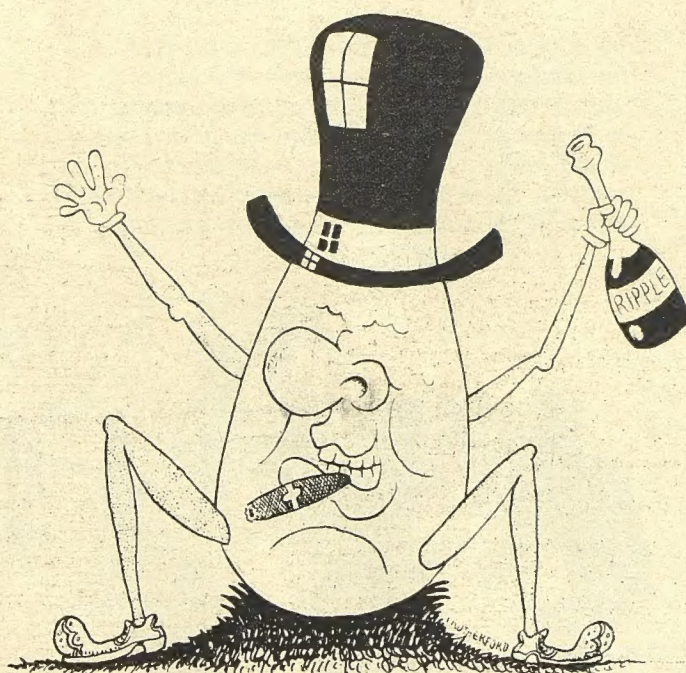
"We ask you to judge our act, for we hold ourselves accountable to you as our sisters and brothers and once having judged us judge yourselves in the same light. If you agree with what we have done and more importantly why we had to do it then act as your conscience would dictate and free yourselves from the fear of consequences. We ask this of you because we all stand responsible for what our society is and what it does. We, as a people, are the makers of war, the rapers of human life and liberty. We alone either have the power to allow that to continue to happen thru our silence and inaction or to change the current of the times and then to build and create rather than to destroy. If we do not accept that responsibility and act, we have no hope, no right to believe that anyone else will and thoughts of peace and love will forever be mere figments of the imagination and the misbegotten dreams of foolish idealists. We act in our own way. We believe that your own hearts will tell you what to do. We wish you courage and wisdom."

As a result of their action, i-A draft files have been impounded as evidence, so it will very difficult for the Evanston boards to draft anyone for the next six months. "The four of us" could use some money to pay for their legal defense. Send contributions to 922 W. Buena or call 327-3665 to find out how you can help.

DA COMMUNITY NEWS

radio

Radio Free Chicago is back on the air at 97.1 F.M. starting at 11:30, 10:00 on Saturdays. RFC is radio aimed at helping people to survive in Chicago—information on food, health, legal aid, as well as information on what's happening in the city and, of course, music to help you survive. A women's collective does one show a week geared specifically at sister's needs. In the future the news collective will be supplying taped coverage of events in the city so that there will be an alternative to the straight media. RFC always needs bread and equipment, since they're building their own studio in addition to paying for air time. If you have any electronic equipment that you would like to give them, or any spare bread, send it to 950 W. Wrightwood, c/o RFC, or call 929-7499.



BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A PINT?

A blood drive is underway with the aim of raising very badly needed money for Free Clinics in the city (Spurgeon 'Jake' Winters, Young Patriots, Young Lords, L.A.D.O., Fritz Engelstein, Robert Taylor, Englewood, Alice B. Hamilton and Benito Juarez) & for the community newspaper "Chicago Health Struggle."

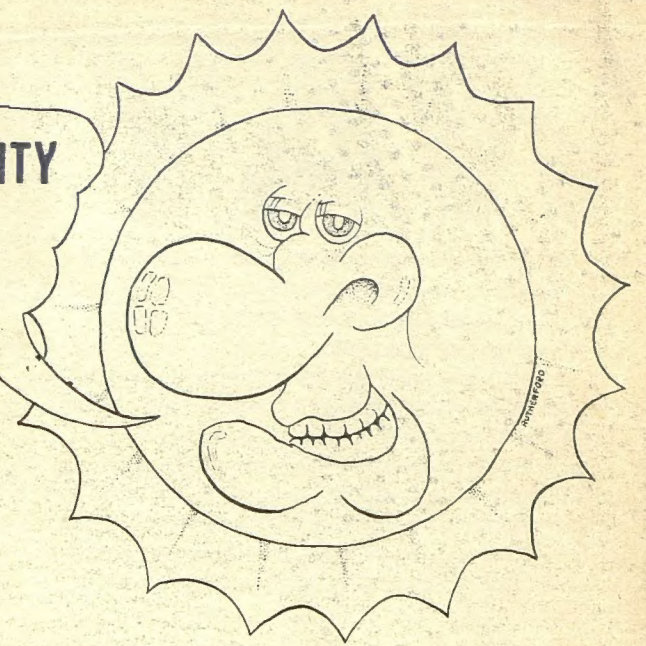
Arrangements have been made for the Chicago Blood Donor Service to credit to a special account from \$14 to \$15 for each pint donated. The money collected in this way will be divided equally among the health centers and the newspaper.

Most of the people who live in the areas serviced by the health clinics are suffering from the diseases of poverty, diseases which make them unable to donate blood. Young people in other areas are usually in better health and therefore able to donate blood.

Individuals and small groups can go directly to the Chicago Blood Donor Service at 2050 North Clark Street. They are open Monday-Saturday from 8:30—4:30 p.m., till 7:30 p.m. on Thursdays. If you are planning to go in a group you can call to make an appointment (Phone: GR-7-5800). Explain that you intend to donate blood in care of the Student Health Organization Account. This group does not represent the Free Clinics; we are only using their bank account. If you have any questions, call 752-7472, ask for Howard.

Large groups : the Chicago Blood Donor Service is willing to come out and set up blood drawing stations any place you wish, in Chicago or the suburbs. However, you must guarantee them that you will have at least 50 donors. Since about 30% fail to qualify, at least 75-80 people should be scheduled.

Please, all people, try and see your way clear to giving a pint for the Free Health Clinic Movement; at the same time we will be helping to alleviate the dire shortage of blood in Chicago.



H.K. MISSING

The Hare Krishna people who formerly inhabited the 2200 north block of Halsted street have seemingly disappeared. Speculation as to the cosmic meaning of this occurrence runs rampant in the neighborhood. Some maintain that they simply packed up their gear, burned up their surplus incense, scattered their rice to the four winds and hopped in the Volkswagon bus they had, (which the neighborhood jesters had labled the "Krishnamobile") and departed for parts unknown. But a few of the faithful are just as sure that what really happened is that they finally achieved true, real, total Krishna consciousness and that Krishna himself came down in a chariot to escort them back to godhead. Anyone with further information regarding their whereabouts please contact the Seed....

sociological fascism

Students at Roosevelt University this spring have had a fairly frustrating experience trying to get the Sociology Department to rescind it's decision not to rehire two faculty members, Ethan Cummings and Stephanie Michel, both of whom were active in the student strike last year following Cambodia and the killings at Kent and Jackson State. Both teachers are very popular, have overflowing classrooms and commit the heinous crime of making friends with their students. Michel has been active in Women's Liberation and the New University Conference (NUC) at RU, and Cummings got memos from the dean of faculties warning him after he gave all his Soc. 101 students A's. The dean also questioned whether he didn't teach too much Marx.

The department says that Cummings and Michel were only hired as temporary replacements for two other instructors on leave, but they were never told this before. As many as 300 students have attended rallies, students have disrupted the department chairman's classes, department meetings, interview sessions, and even went to see a university trustee at his office in the Harris Bank. The school administrations tactic has been to ignore all these activities and "wait it out." until school is over in June. Students tried to see University President Rolf A. Weil, but he wouldn't talk to them, so they had to be content with tacking their demands on his door. A classroom boycott called for Wednesday, May 5th (which coincided with the national anti-war moratorium) resulted in 30% of RU's 7,000 students staying home from classes, but had very little result. Students have also filed complaints with the North Central Accrediting Association and sent letters to alumni, trustees and high school students who might be thinking of going to Roosevelt. And on Tuesday, May 11th, they filed a lawsuit against the school.

The other members of the Sociology department are really fine—one once worked for Army intelligence, another for the CIA and a third helped to mess over black students at George Williams University last year. The department claims it has no funds to hire additional people, but it is interviewing applicants for part time positions—positions of which neither Cummings nor Michel were notified.

Roosevelt is a school that once had a "liberal" reputation—how much of even that was myth at the beginning is debatable, but in the last 6 years, the school administration has called in the pigs to arrest or harrass students at least 6 times, expelled black students who wanted a Black Studies Program (a demand accepted formally but never really implemented) helped put a student body president in jail for draft evasion by helping the FBI spy on him and fired radical teacher Staughton Lynd as well as Cummings and Michel. It is easy to see why one student involved in this spring's activities there told us simply: "I'm getting out of here. I can't take this place any longer."

—Mr. Natural

OH FREEDOM

(The author of this letter was framed on charges of robbing a grocery store.)

To whom it may concern or interest:

As I sit here bent laboriously over my enlarged stomach containing an 8 month old fetus, my thoughts run in a million directions so far as what to write about first.

Since I have been incarcerated in the Shelby County Jail, I have seen so many miscarriages of justice that it would be impossible to tell about them in one article.

In the past 3½ months, I have had one apple and one orange, those a gift from the Salvation Army which incidentally were the only Christmas presents I received. I suppose next Christmas I, again, will have some fruit because I know I'll not get any before then, nor will any of the other approximately 450 inmates. Perhaps once every other week we have a form of cole slaw, the only source of the fresh fruits and vegetables that are supposed to be in every persons daily diet. There is no vitamin C available: the only things we get plenty of are carbohydrates and starches, no protein.

There are three pregnant inmates here at the present time and we get no calcium or extra vitamins. We eat exactly what the other inmates eat, regardless of our condition. Just a few nights ago, one of the girls, about 5½ to 6 months pregnant, began labor pains. About 3 to 4 hours after she informed the matron of her problem they took her to the hospital. Had there been anything seriously wrong, the girl would have lost her baby. This inmate has never been in jail before, so they (meaning the people in authority) could not say she was a person who constantly called "wolf" and therefore ignored her pleas for help for herself and her unborn child.

The lack of adequate medical and dental care here in the Shelby County Jail is atrocious. As I stated earlier, I have been here for 3 ½ months during that time there has been a doctor here about one month. We had 2 medics here who were prescribing and administering shots and medication to the inmates.

Today, I asked to see the doctor and was told by the matron on duty that she was not making a phone call and if I wanted to see the doctor I was to write a letter to Chief Parker. On at least 6 occasions I have written letters to Chief Parker and have never received a reply to any of them. I know of twice that he has crumpled up the letters without even reading them. So it would do no good at all to write to him concerning a visit to the doctor. There have been girls up here that have lain in bed for days at a time so ill they haven't been able to get up and the only medication they have received is aspirin, those gotten for them by their fellow inmates. I can understand that the doctor himself is a sick man, having undergone surgery himself recently for the installation of a pacemaker but still the inmates are the people who suffer. The doctor is here for approximately 3 to 5 hours a week and that is not enough time to take care of 1/4 of the people that are under his care. Although I know personally that some of the people in authority see him regularly for their ailments during the time he is on duty here. He has time to see the matrons and police officers but very few of the inmates. I don't understand why they can't go to his private office if he has one or to their own physician instead of depriving people who have no choice but to wait to see him or suffer their illness out.

One woman up here went through several epileptic seizures and had it not been for the inmates here she would have died as during 2 of these seizures she swallowed her tongue and one girl pried her mouth open and jammed the end of a toothbrush down her throat while another pounded on her chest to get her breathing again. One girl was bitten quite badly during the process and the officers were informed of the problem but still the woman received no medication or hospitalization.

For security reasons the keys are sent downstairs at about 7 o'clock at night when we are locked up & sent back up at 6 in the morning when we are unlocked. During the night it would take approximately 10 to 15 minutes to get the keys to unlock the cells. If there were an emergency such as a suicide, it would be impossible to save that person's life. The same thing applies to a heart attack victim. It is impossible to see the doctor and if you do get so ill you're near death, you just die and then there will be all sorts of "we did all we could's".

I have never been arrested for anything more serious than failing to have a police I.D. card yet I have been sentenced to 20 years imprisonment for robbery "with a deadly weapon." As I stated, this is a first offense and I have have been so much as even arrested for a felony. But never-the-less, I have been sentenced to a 20 year stretch in the state penitentiary at Nashville.

When I go to the hospital for a pre-natal check up I am taken in handcuffs and loaded into a paddy wagon. I have to wear unironed jail clothes with "County Jail" stamped on my back.

The clinic doctor doesn't even listen to the baby's heartbeat. I am weighed and my blood pressure taken. That's the extent of my "examination."

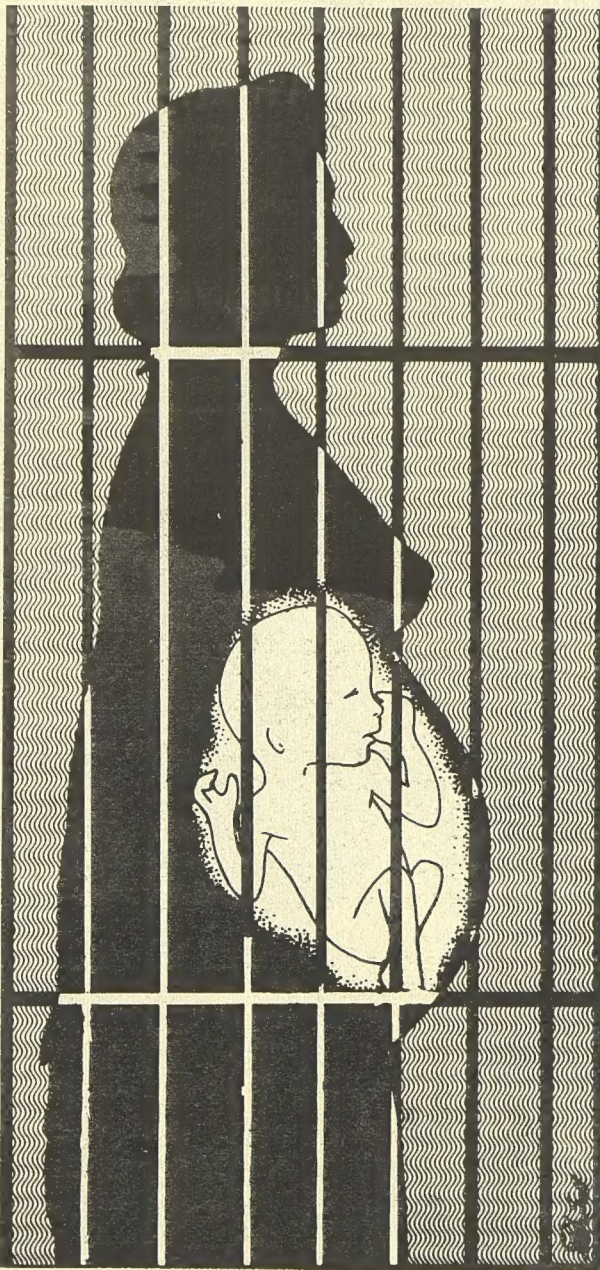
I have the Rh negative factor in my blood and this is quite serious as I have a toxic pregnancy, but when the doctor sees "county jail" in the space allotted for "address" on the clinic card, they seem to lose interest in you as a person and you are a thing.

The humiliation of climbing in and out of the paddy wagon in front of the hospital alone is great enough without the handcuffs, unironed clothes and jail matron in uniform and a police officer guarding every movement you make.

Here in the jail we have a laundry and a sewing room. The laundry is used only for the washing and ironing of jail sheets and clothes but the sewing room is another story.

It seems that the head matron, Sgt. Williamson, has had slack outfits made out of county material for her own use and several other matrons have had childrens clothes made by the inmates out of county material for their children.

OVER



The girls who wash down there have made drapes for the matrons, smocks for them, made shirts for Chief Parker, altered slacks, etc. for the various deputies and yet can't find time to make county jail clothes.

The girls who work either in the sewing room or laundry and the trustees are the only inmates who wear ironed clothes. The rest of us are forced to wear unironed rags.

Even when a man goes to court, he doesn't get an ironed shirt. In order to look halfway decent, he washes his shirt and uses a bar of laundry soap and, on a flat surface (the floor) rubs the soap into the shirt collar, sleeves, etc, until it is smooth and stiff. When it dries, it looks presentable enough, but from what I understand not very comfortable. The same is true of the levis.

The men are not allowed to wear street clothes to court. They must wear the county clothes. When you go in front of a jury with county jail stamped on your

back, the jury is automatically prejudiced against you. A man who is not guilty would not be in jail.

My mother sent some clothes down to Memphis for me to wear to court but the package was refused (no explanation given) and I went in front of a jury for four days with the same clothes on. My co-defendant did the same. His shirt was unironed and had buttons missing. I can imagine that a thought ran through the jurors minds similar to "that poor guy, we'll give him a home for the next 20 years where he'll be taken care of and won't have to worry where his next meal is coming from."

The package my mother sent was returned to her but everything she sent down was not sent back. A maternity skirt and several crossword puzzle books were missing. I inquired about this downstairs and of course the captain said they must have been lost in the mail. I am not the only one to whom something like this has happened.

Approximately 2 months ago I wrote a letter to the Governor with the intention of smuggling it out the same as this one. Word of this got downstairs and Captain Smith and a side-kick came up here and wanted to know what it was about so I let him read the letter. It simply and factually described the deplorable conditions existing in the jail. I stated that men are locked in their cells at the twice a day feeding times because they don't get enough to eat and fight over the food. I was informed by Captain Smith that this was a lie and all of the locking and unlocking of the cells on the floors below was simply figments of my imagination. I don't really hear all of that. I was also informed that everybody on the 3rd and 4th floor is a liar and anything at all said against this jail is a lie.

After the Captain read the letter, he and the Sgt on duty went down to the 3rd floor and threatened to kill my rap-partner if I didn't stop writing letters.

The captain told me that the county is allowed \$1.75 per day for the care and feeding of the prisoners confined here. I have tried to figure out where the \$1.75 goes. The guards and matrons eat steak, pork chops and other meats while the inmates get none. I have not had a single piece of beef, pork or chicken since I've been here.

The sheriff's department here is the only job I have ever heard of that furnishes gourmet meals. Most jobs do not furnish meals. Again, I will state that our diet consists of starches while the guards and matrons eat steak.

Last night at 12:35 pm, one of the pregnant women told the matron something was wrong because she was suffering labor pains. Early this afternoon that pregnant woman miscarried in cage number 1. She was not taken to the hospital or a doctor called or anything. A medic came into the cell block and took the bloody fetus from her bed. She was then taken to the hospital. From what I understand the reason she wasn't taken to the hospital last night was because she had to go to court this morning. That's a pretty stiff price to pay for going to court. A child's life.

Incidentally, she's a federal prisoner.

There are girls here (and men also) who spend 11 mo. 29 days here without setting foot on the ground. Our cages consist of a 4 X 6 foot room with 1 light burning 24 hours a day. In this cage there are at present 3 people. There are 2 bunks and the 3rd girl sleeps on the floor. From 6 am to 7 pm we are allowed on the catwalk—a 4 foot wide runway. We are 4 feet from windows. Here there are bars within bars, then cages.

During my short stay here at Shelby County Jail I have learned a lot. I have learn how people of every race and creed and color are dogged around, have every symbolism of freedom removed from them. I have seen a woman lose her baby, another nearly die and for what reason? Another feather in the cap for Shelby County, Tenn?

What sadistic pleasure can anyone possibly derive from the inhumane treatment that is imposed here on the inmates.

There are a few people who come in here strung out on dope and have to suffer out cold turkey. The only medication they receive is aspirin.

I would like to see the fat, pompous, overbearing Chief Parker survive for a month up here under the conditions he hands out to us.

The thing I'm attempting to get across in this letter is simply to make people aware of a few of the injustices going on here in Shelby county. Maybe some good shall come of all of this. I certainly hope so because it has caused unestimatable damage.

Please use your discretion in using my name, not because of myself but I fear for the life of my rap-partner. He was threatened before by this Fascist Establishment and I'm sure the second time they will not be quite so lenient.

ME..



YOUR TRANSCENDENTAL INVITATION

This album, with pictures and full text, produced by George Harrison, is a first recording of pure devotional songs in the ancient spiritual language SANSKRIT. Vibrations of these mantras reveal to the receptive hearer and chanter the realm of KRSNA consciousness, joyfully experienced as a peace of self and awareness of GOD and KRSNA. These eternal sounds of love release the hearer from all contemporary barriers of time and space.


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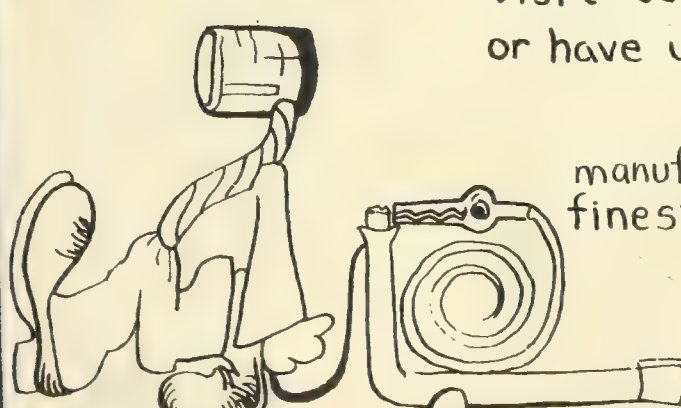
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LAURA STEIN

Some people never learn! It looks like the government really wants a rerun of the Chicago Conspiracy trial. Even before the Washington Mayday demonstrations were over, they had already arrested Rennie Davis and John Froines on conspiracy charges and soon after busted Abbie Hoffman for "interstate travel to incite a riot." Attorney General Mitchell's cronies spent a few days looking for Froines, only to find him--speaking to 3000 people under Mitchell's nose at the Justice Department building! It is possible that up to 2 dozen indictments will be forthcoming. The lesson that Mitchell hasn't yet learned is that repression breeds rebellion. By Thursday, May 6th, Rennie Davis and John Froines were already making speeches about organizing another Mayday on July 4th.

Three years ago, Buffalo New York black militant Martin Sostre was sentenced to 41 years in prison for selling heroin. Now the prosecution's only witness, Arto Williams, admits that he lied. Sostre ran a radical bookstore in Buffalo and faced years of harassment from the FBI, HUAC and local police. Williams had a change of heart after he read a profile of the Sostre case in Ebony magazine. He now says that he had been in the Erie County jail on felony theft charges prior to Sostre's arrest. He agreed to help frame Sostre in exchange for having his charges dropped. Sostre was arrested along with Geraldine Robinson, who drew an "indeterminate sentence" for resisting arrest. She has been in jail since September 1969 and her five children (ages 4 to 10) have been divided up in several foster homes. Sostre is still in jail--his attorney's are trying to get him a new trial. Welcome to the land of the free.

San Fransico federal district judge William Gray dismissed charges against Black Panther Chief of Staff David Hilliard May 4th on the grounds that the government refused to turn over to the Panther's attorney it's wiretap evidence. He ruled that "no national security issue" was involved and that the wiretap evidence therefore violated the 4th amendment of the Constitution. Hilliard was on trial for his speech November 15, 1969 at Golden Gate Park, where he told a massive anti-war rally that "we will kill Richard Nixon, we will kill any motherfucker that stands in the way of our freedom." Hilliard's attorney said that he was only speaking "the rhetoric of the ghetto." He also has another case pending in Oakland for assault, stemming from a shoot-out with police. The federal government has 2 similar wiretap cases under appeal to higher courts and they will probably appeal Gray's ruling also. If it is overturned, they can still issue a new indictment against Hilliard.

MOVEMENT NEWS

Leslie Bacon, a 19 year old Mayday tribe worker, was kidnapped off the streets of Washington Wednesday, April 28 as a "material witness" in the March 1st bombing of the Capitol building. At first, she wasn't told what the charges against her were, or that she was under arrest. This occurred after an infiltrator in her commune told the pigs that she and "certain associates" had access to \$29,000 and were likely to split rather than hang around to answer questions put to her by a Seattle grand jury investigating her activities "in connection with national security matters." She was returned to Seattle under \$100,000 bond, and questioned both about the Capitol bombing and a series of New York bombings. FBI special agent Daniel Mahon said that Leslie is suspected of being a "direct participant" in the Capitol bombing. She has refused to answer any questions about the Capitol bombing and left a recent grand jury hearing carrying a flower and giving newmen a fist.

The Federal Grand Jury in Harrisburg, Pa. issued new indictments April 30 on the alleged conspiracy to kidnap White House advisor Henry Kissinger and bomb government buildings. Added to the previous list of defendants were John T. Glick (presently serving 5 concurrent one and a half year terms for raiding federal offices in Rochester this fall) and former nun Mary Cain Scoblick. The new indictments also expanded the "crimes" charged to include raids on numerous draft boards.

Here is the 1971 Bell System credit card scheme. Choose a phone number. Add the city code. Add a letter code. Letter codes are determined by the sixth number of the phone number.

sixth number: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0
letter code: Q A E H J N R U W Z

For example, the city code for Chicago is 097

922-1814-097Q CIA
431-1333097E FBI
523-5500-097Z Army (113th Military Intelligence Group.)
or 254-3326-097A
294-4321-097A Commonwealth Edison.
727-2581-097U Ma Bell herself.

Always use legitimate numbers so you know who you are ripping off. It is best to use the city code of the city you are calling from. But lets say you call from Fort Wayne using one of the numbers above, the operator may ask, "Where is this credit card registered?" You say, "Chicago!" Remember these are your credit card numbers. Don't stand for any shit!

Now for those of you traveling throughout the Amerikan Empire, here are some city codes and other helpful info.

Houston	151	New York City	021,023,074
Chicago	097,098	Newark	074
Hartford	020	Spokane	128
Philadelphia	041, 043	D.C.	032
Vancouver	493	San Fransico	158
Seattle	167	Upstate NY	028
Minneapolis	126	Akron	050
Detroit	083	Cleveland	082
Milwaukee	088	Pittsburgh	030
Dayton	185	Boston	001
		Atlanta	022

Going Abroad? To call back to the U.S. and Canada, simply prefix the number with IX and drop the letter code.
See what fun numbers can be--call someone you love today!

The White House "conference on youth"--composed of carefully screened delegates picked by a computer to represent a "cross section" of American young people--made the administration do a double take as they endorsed the People's Peace Treaty, called for an end to all U.S. presence in Indochina by Dec. 31, demanded a guaranteed annual income, nationalization of coal mining, legalization of abortion, and issued a statement attacking American "genocide, exploitation of labor and military expansion." At first the government had set aside \$300,000 for "implementation" of conference recommendations, but it seems now that not a penny of that money is to be forthcoming.



Procol Harum Then.

For a group whose first single sold in the neighborhood of four million internationally and whose four succeeding albums have been acclaimed with accelerating fervor, Procol Harum have had one hell of a time consolidating their deserved reputation as one of the finest British rock bands to emerge since Sgt. Pepper.

In uncompromising pursuit of the realization of their unique artistic vision, Procol have frequently shunned the fashionable. Following "A Whiter Shade of Pale," when all else was groovy and trippy and painted in psychedelic swirls of da-glo color, they opted for dark, almost unbearably intense musical expressions of anguish. While their contemporaries were content to rehash classic blues and Rock 'N' Roll, they were off creating seventeen-minute cantatas ("In Held 'Twas In I") and teaming up with a symphony orchestra (long before such teamings-up became almost obligatory) at a Shakespeare festival in Canada. And when their contemporaries got to tirelessly singing the virtues of getting it all together out in the country Procol instead painted bleak musical pictures of men at sea or created albums whose theme was man's inability to accept his own mortality. Always, they've been slightly more cerebral, more disposed to darkness than the competition.

None of which carried a lot of water for the consumer busy worshipping whichever heavy inevitable the rock papers were lionizing at the moment.

All of which made no small impression on the more discerning—with no indecent exposure trials or stories of inverted sexual preferences or reputations for going through groupies like so many facial tissues working in their behalf and consequently virtually no press beyond ecstatic reviews of their albums and all-too-infrequent American performances, each of the three Procol albums A&M has released to date has sold a minimum of 150,000.

This time out, with Broken Barricades, they, with as much help from us as can possibly be provided, will triple that figure: with no undue prompting from us, but rather simply because it's where their vision has led them this time around, Procol Harum have become universally accessible.

Broken Barricades promises to captivate and delight even the most viscerally-oriented. It speaks the universal language of youth, hard rock and roll, with an accent of finely-wrought musical heaviness, occasional brass adding inflection to the group's exceptional playing.

Broken Barricades is Keith Reid writing searingly direct words, Gary Brooker providing appropriately powerhouse music, singing most soulfully, and pumping his piano with abandon, B. J. Wilson and Chris Copping laying down a beat that by no exertion of the imagination could be termed inaccessible, and Robin Trower, one of the most respected guitarists in rock, writing the music for the album's obvious choice for a single, "Poor Mohammed," singing, and playing some of the best guitar we'll hear this year.

Broken Barricades is an album that, just as did the Rock 'N' Roll classics Procol employed as encore numbers on their last visit to America, will inspire the listener not to contemplate, but to leap atop his seat to whoop and boogie joyously.

It is, at long last, Procol Harum for the millions.

Produced by Chris Thomas Procol Harum/
Broken Barricades SP4294 on A&M Records
and Tapes.



Procol Harum Lives...and then some.

BREAKING FREE!



MEN'S SUPPLEMENT

Sour Grapes

Are the grapes really sour? I mean, I've got about as much chance of making it as a super-cool super-rich Silva Thin-smoking playboy as I have of replacing Joe Namath or being selected for the next team of astronauts. As a boy I was never any good at the important competitive sports of football, baseball, basketball and fucking. And I'm not a good enough liar to make up for that in the locker room, coffee break, barroom set. As an adolescent and a young man I lacked the social graces, meaning I didn't know charming ways to say, "Let's fuck" without saying "Let's fuck." So, mostly, I didn't say anything at all. As an adult I continue to indulge myself in the bad habit of falling in love with my male friends, rather than confining myself to a hearty slap on the back and a healthy kick in the balls. And that makes me very queer indeed. Also, I discover, whenever for a moment I can break free of the neurotic ways in which I oppress the woman to whom I am married, that I real-

One guy got
her on
the first try.



With Yashica's

ly like women. And that's a drag. Because, since a penis is clearly a weapon, it can become difficult to keep it hard when you wind up loving the enemy.

So now I am one of a group of men arguing that the pattern (to which I could not conform) is a pretty ugly pattern anyway. And I wonder if the grapes are really sour. Well, they are sour. Very sour, whether I can reach them or not.

Who was it that presumed to choose Joe Namath, the astronauts and Hugh Hefner for my heroes, when I had long ago chosen Beethoven and Walt Whitman? Who was it that decided that my ideal of a woman should be a set of overdeveloped mammary glands in living color on the center spread of Playboy when, in junior high school, I had chosen a tall thin gangly girl who dug literature and writing as I did? (And I rejected her because I couldn't taking the kidding about my poor choice.) Who programmed my father to be so afraid of affection with men that he decided his eight year old son no longer needed to be caressed or kissed goodnight? And what sadist organized a physical education program that assumed that any normal boy knew all about sports and that the way to teach you how to play basketball was to make you ashamed if you didn't know how to play basketball? And what perverse psychology led me to separate the women I could like because they shared my interests and were my peers from the women I should want to fuck because they fit the stereotype of physical beauty? (And of course, I couldn't approach them, since it's hard to make love to someone else's ideal.) And what perversity ever allowed me to believe, even for a moment, that my need for physical and emotional intimacy with men was perverse, and to so be-cloud the issue that the male need to be "on top" corrupted the homosexual experience, itself, into a subtle way of putting other males down. And what idiocy has made me participate in turning the woman I love, whom I chose for her independence and spirit, into a financially dependent cipher, a cook, a laundress, a whipping boy for my own dissappointments? And then, to argue that she should be more indepent and to ask her to support me in becoming a more risking human being (risking, perhaps, in the process her own marriage.)

You don't need to sample the whole bunch to know that the man's grapes are sour. The problem is wanting them, anyway. The damage done to my head won't be totally undone in a lifetime. And if, suddenly, the Playboy Bunny should appear and touch me with the magic wand, andZAP!...there it was, the giant circular bed, the penthouse apartment, the solid gold convertible, women by the thousands, the power and the glory, what would I choose? (Or, maybe I would relate better to the more hip image of me as a superstar. Bells and beads and beautiful long hair. Have guitar, amplifier and penis. Will travel. Me and Mick Jagger and Jim Morrison.) But what would I choose? I don't know for sure. And there's the real problem.

- John

brothertruster

I am a gay man who used to be a straight man who's trying to be a hu-man. This article is an expression of my own thoughts, feelings and struggles regarding my love for other men.

The first task at hand is to understand what things like trust, love and community have to do with gayness in nature. And what better animal is there to study than our best friend, the dog. Dogs have developed biologically coincident to man, they have adopted set patterns of relating to us just as we have developed set patterns of relating to them. Because of their talents as guardians and hunters, the dog species has been of inestimable, evolutionary value to humanity and they are, in many ways, our borthers.

Upon meeting 2 male dogs will offer their genitals to each other to be sniffed and licked. If either dog refuses this offering, it is taken as a sign of distrust or hostility, and the two will either back off growling or lunge at eacho others' throats. In dogs dealings with men, they may become quite viscious unless a person stops to greet the dog by offering a symbolic penis, the hand, to be sniffed and perhaps licked by the dog. Most dog owners have also experienced their dogs approaching them and licking their penis when nede. It was a great act of trust when I allowed a German Shepherd I once owned to do this to me, since he could easily have swallowed the whole thing in a single gulp. But allowing this act to happen improved the relationship considerably.

Now let's get down to men relating to men. The shrinks are always putting down "castration anxiety" as neurosis. But when an animal saunters about in a ridiculously unsafe, upright position, with his reproductive organs and soft belly boldly preceeding him and extremely vulnerable to attack from all passing creatures, you can be sure that "castration anxiety" is going to be a very strong biological urge. If it wasn't, then homo sapiens would be extinct today. Because of this extreme vulnerability, it seems to me that man is much more eager to receive castration reassurance than the well protected dog. It is a tremendous and biologically necessary act of trust for a man to allow his penis to be licked or taken into the mouth of another, and it is an act of the greatest loving to hold a man's most vital organ in your mouth and caress it rather than biting it off.

This idea of fellatio is reflected in its derivation which is from the Latin and means "to make happy." In my own experience, I have found that people who cruise the parks usually do not want to give blow-jobs to a sexual climax, but just take it into their mouths for a few moments. In actuality, a blow-job is sometimes nothing more than a greeting of brothers and a beginning expression of trust. It is my personal feeling

REDWOOD
is all man... to make a
woman feel
all woman

REDWOOD
THE EXCITING NEW AFTER SHAVE
BY AQUA VELVA

from
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perfectly
tailed
fiction

that the furtive figures roaming places like Lincoln Park and Bughouse Square, giving acts of love and devotion, however brief, are revolutionaries. They show by their immediate act that they trust the other man, and are trusted in return. In our society of lies and paranoia, trust is very revolutionary indeed.

But let's get into the gay and straight trips. Why is it considered straight to shake hands and gay to shake cocks? After all, a cock is only a large finger with a hole in the end. How is it possible that most male Americans dislike having their most sensitive parts caressed by the hand or tongue of another man? Although this phenomenon is supposedly based on puritanical sex hang-ups, it is in reality the inability of men to trust each other with vulnerable parts. This fear is so overwhelming as to obliterate the tremendous physiological pleasure stemming from the caress. Even gay men, although they are able to relate at this basic level, are in many cases unable to touch each other emotionally.

Tremendous amounts of time and money have been spent in making us this fucked up, and also in creating gay and straight roles for us to play. We are taught through the institutions of the family, education, business and mass media, that the proper role to play is straight, but if you can't suppress all your humanity you can beg gay and at least have sex.

The gay community is also set up by the pigs and it is designed as a straw man to distract us from our true goal of brotherhood. Since the gay man is at least getting sexual excitement, the pig feels riteous in demanding his humanity in return. The gay "culture" incorporates all the worst elements of straight culture: one must not be fat, short, bald, old, ugly, or anything else that might make him distinguishable from the flock of plastic creatures in the gay disneyland. On must play the same tired masculine and feminine roles and make it into a smooth act. The queen dons her dress and exchanges hostile machismo for hostile bitchiness. In short, the pig lays a culture down on our heads that is designed to keep us apart and to keep us from growing any closer to each other.

The problem of having only these two alternatives of gay and straight to choose from seems to be bothering most people today. Men who have a desire to touch are afraid since they think it will drive them into a gay role. The gay community stands as a living purgatory in the imagination of men, and sometimes it really is that.

What this brings me to is men's liberation. I think I've made considerable progress towards avoiding an identification with gay or straight, but this is a very difficult position to hold alone and I feel myself torn in many ways between the two. I see the shit I'm going through in trying to get rid of the idea of women as sex objects, but yet, as a gay man, there is pressure to get into relating to men as sex objects, which is something I want very much to avoid. So perhaps Men's Liberation can develop a better way of men relating to each other.

- Marc

I've been calling myself a radical for almost 6 years now. I've been out there fighting to free the Vietnamese, to free black people to free poor white people, to free women. To free everybody but myself, and, because I never did much about freeing myself and changing myself, I don't think I've been much good to blacks, women, or Vietnamese.

I started calling myself a radical after a summer in 1965 working in west Tennessee as a civil rights worker. Experiences there opened my eyes to the nature of the American system. And I worked hard to help free the Negroes (as they were known then.) Up at 7:00. Out on the road at 8:00. And not finished until perhaps 10:00 in the evening.

Only my hard work did the black people of Tennessee little good. This was brought home to me one painful day when one of the project directors (who was also a white male) had a talk with me. He told me that I was not a good civil rights worker, that I was insensitive to black people, etc. etc. I was crushed. I had put my soul into the civil rights movement, and here I was being told that I was no good (although I still had potential.) Somehow I can't help noticing the analogy to the minor league ballplayer who plays his heart out in spring training for the big league team only to be told by the manager that he is going to be sent back to the minors for more seasoning.

Actually, the baseball analogy is very appropriate, because civil rights had really only replaced my childhood passion for baseball. I had tried hard to be a good ballplayer, and whenever anyone would criticize my playing it would hurt. And then I had been into being a good student. Always, individual success and recognition was of paramount importance.

On the way home from that conversation, tears swelled in my eyes, although I did not cry. I could not cry. I can assure you that my disappointment was not for the black people I had failed to help, but for myself who had once again been proved a failure. Later, I was to learn from movement heavies that what I was feeling was known in the prevailing Marxist dialectical lingo as "bourgeois individualism."

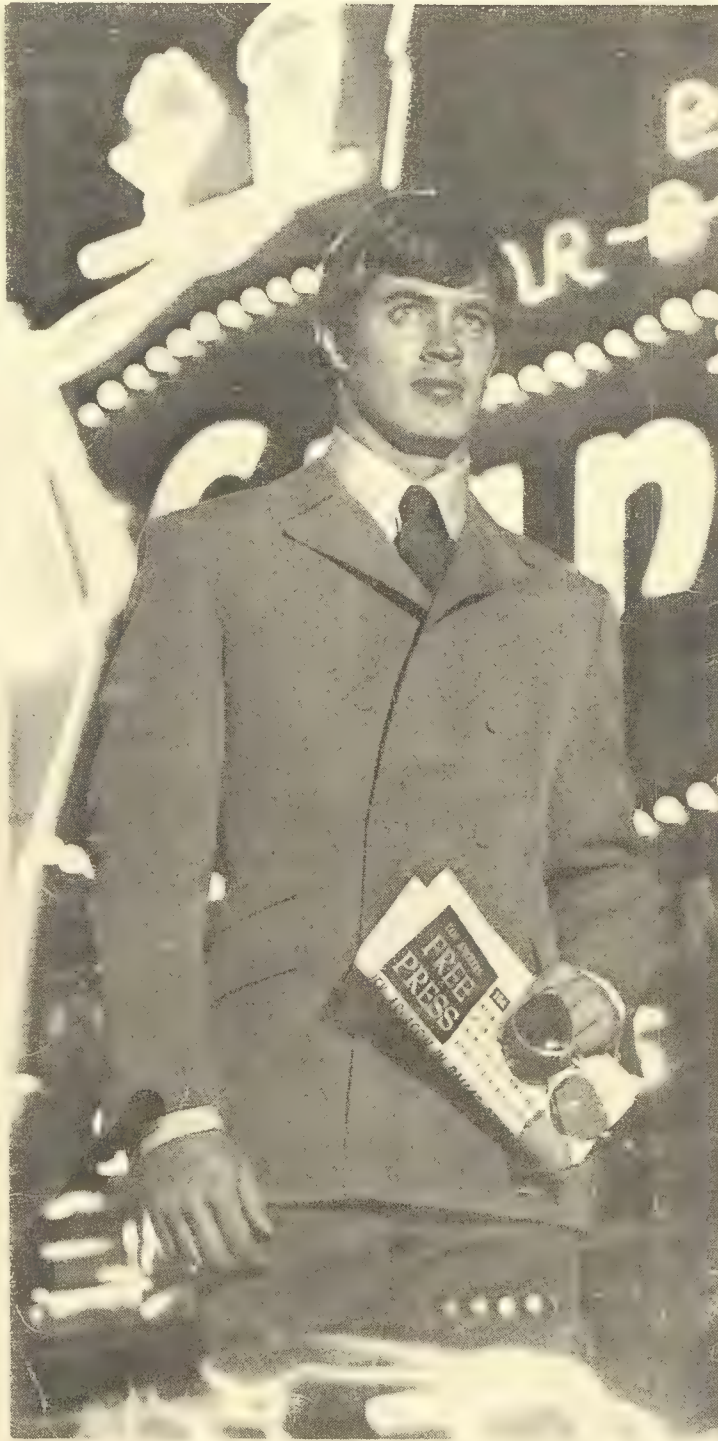
But the movement heavies had their own problems, as I was to find out. In 1967 I moved to Chicago to work for JOIN Community Union, an old SDS project aimed at organizing the poor people of Uptown. I had come to work with a group of people I knew were successful in organizing because I had heard a great speech about their great success. A speech by one of JOIN's famous spokesmen. (Spokesmen definitely predominated over spokeswomen.)

I was all excited. The only thing that went wrong was that nobody spoke to me. I arrived on the scene and nobody welcomed me as a brother. Nobody befriended me. Only once was I invited over to somebody's for dinner. If it hadn't been for the fact that my sister lived on the South Side at the time, I would have died of loneliness my first year in Chicago.

It never occurred to people that a group that didn't know the meaning of the word "brother" or the word "sister" could never succeed in reaching the people. (By the way, I found out that the super-star spokesmen lied when they sought to impress the world with how successful JOIN was.)

JOIN was male-dominated, elitist, and insensitive to people both within and without the group. Most of the people I got to know in the group I still respect in many ways, but when I

The Great Emancipator



first got to Chicago, I was in awe of these people, and I could not be critical. Mostly, I would have liked to have had as big a name as some of my "brothers." Just as I would have liked to be a name or success in any of my previous endeavors. My problem was that I could never be a super-star because I was too insecure to act the part, to exert myself in that way, and, hopefully, some good sense in opposing elitism. But mostly just insecurity.

So anyway, I had my movement credentials: civil rights work, SDS in college, JOIN. The only problem was that I was unhappy and I was doing little to help build a revolutionary movement.

And then came the women's movement. And then came a woman I grew to love very deeply, a woman for whom the women's movement became increasingly important. And then came Men Against Cool. I don't want to get into the entire meaning of these experiences for me here, but the effects it had on my view of politics have been profound.

I think that revolutionaries who fight for other people generally cop out. Revolutionaries who fight only for other people's liberation must do so out of guilt and morality. And it's a rare person who consistently risks his neck for somebody else. So I've been forced to be more in touch with myself, with who I am, with what I need.

All this is done within the context of women's liberation and black liberation, but unless I see the nature of my oppression, as the basis for both my revolutionary love and my revolutionary rage, then I will be no good either to myself or to my brothers and sisters.

I can no longer talk about politics in the same way as I used to. This is as analytical an article as I can write. Abstractions tend to remove us from ourselves and make us incapable of communicating with other people. I have heard too much of the "dialectical materialist view of the objective correct analysis of the inherent contradictions in American capitalism in its highest form of imperialism." Such analysis has destroyed capitalism and imperialism many times over, but they have left us without a revolution and have not forced us to change into the kind of sensitive, determined, joyful people that revolutionaries must be.

This does not mean that theory is unimportant or irrelevant, but rather that any theory that is not based on our experience and that keeps us from confronting ourselves is bullshit.

And this doesn't mean that we should desert the struggles of women, blacks or Vietnamese. Rather, we can unite with them more honestly if we are aware of what is driving us and can relate to those other people in a human way.

I still identify with the Vietnamese, Cuban and Chinese revolutions. They have been able to be successful precisely because they are human, are in touch with themselves and with the needs of the people. Read *Fanshen* and you can see how the Chinese constantly struggled over all these questions in very personal ways.

I want to free myself and free my brothers and sisters all over the world. I want to reach out to my brothers and sisters and tell you that I love you and that I want to struggle with you to create a beautiful new society on the ruins of imperialist Amerika.

But first, I have to struggle with the sexism within me and create the kind of loving, joyous person who can truly reach out.

(This is a diary entry by a man going through a draft trial, the result of irresponsibility and not conviction. A year before he was torn away from his friends, commune, loved-one, by the F.B.I. to a hated city 2,000 miles away. He's just come back a year later for a visit to his old friends, old love. The trial is still going on and on and on, but within the month he will be in the army for 2 years, jail for 5 years, or Canada for life. Changes have happened. People have found other people. His old love has a new love and this is how he feels.)

Jealously and lost—old feelings that hang on, popout with ugly leers. Like the crabs you can't get rid of. Some nights I was just so lonely and sad. To feel things (uptightness, sexual inadequacy when she didn't want to sleep with me, fear of coming on too strong, etc.) — to feel things (feel, feel, feel) that Mary didn't feel and be caught in the middle of paranoia—to mention these things would have been to highlight them (be pitied when I needed a warm hug and basic OK); but they were really only dangerous when I don't face them and realize that living my life means living not according to fantasies but as a serious business that has to be guarded—well, like life. The beautiful acid thing I feel here with these people is that it's possible to work out if I and all of us don't forget some simple truths (that we all seem to forget just when we need them); that I can just say these things and not feel like an asshole. Response. Mary's laugh from another room with Harry sets off such a chain of emotions, fears: She likes him more than me, she'll sleep with him and (oh, worst of all!) enjoy it! Much comes from the reality of not being able to change the reality, but not all. Even a changed reality would require some heavy changes in me. And in so many ways that's better and easier away from her.

The Tarot cards said tonight that "Opinion or feelings of friends" was a valley, peaceful yet long and solitary. I flashed that I had to go down this valley, alone but with their love, to become and understand myself, no

fragment

longer bogarting or hitching onto someone else's trip (even when I call that 'love') —become sure of my needs, sense of self. Get into things, you know. That's very much at the root of my dependency feelings on Mary (why in general men have the deepest, most mind-blowing experience when it ends, when the woman splits). Incidentally, analysis aside, I feel like shit. Hot flashes of pain and jealousy, hate, guilt at the sounds of their love. I just cried. I don't do that much and it's not even a question of holding it back anymore. My tears seem by now to have a mind of their own. I feel like shit. I feel like I look like a piece of shit to everyone around me. Talking about it and getting responses does good things for my head, getting out of the shell, breaking the patterns by understanding them. Respect for myself, for who I am, now, and not for what I do or will do. Gift-giving fantasies to win love—flash off all these fantasies. Stay with them to the bitter, painful, end, and see where they go.

Paranoia—hardest of all is to actually hear Mary and Harry have sex. Like really fuck with grunts and groans of pleasure; it hurts so bad and the whole cast of shady characters comes rolling out, all the sick shit. But it's worse to have them know that and have them stop it because they know it hurts me. Getting in touch with my needs enough to talk about it—ask them to fuck in another room. This is freeing. After our talks last night and today—tonight they went to Harry's room (the walls are like dope paper). That's a good feeling because it shows some respect and regard for my feelings that doesn't keep them apart (keeping them apart being the most common shit fantasy).

How I glorify the past, particularly between Marya and myself. She brings up so many things that either I don't remember (but don't doubt) or have forgotten (and remember why). All together they put a different light on the past—destroy its illusory glorification. Someday we could be good friends if this nightmare ever ends. . .

What a
girl
can be



I may become a teacher
In a nursery school some day.



It would be nice to be a bride
Who comes walking down the aisle.



And I'd love to be a mother
With some children of my own.

FATHERS

I am never surprised, his tired voice. And when he calls in the middle of the night, to sleep with me, I am warm. Then later, a stir, he climbs over me, again snug, and sleep. His face lighting up, seeing me, that he should care that I should care, running often fulltilt until stumbling on some towel or pair of boots or finally tripping at the edge of the bed he stumbles on, & finally fishes his way under the fairystory quilt, drawing up his legs like I do, replica sleep.

I was a child dreams ago playing 4-yr. old sex games behind couches fantasies with pear trees wanting to work in the fields with my father feeling a certain security. Juan says, the problem with some parents is they forget they were ever children. We remember wrongly: remember the discipline as model for the care of our own children but dream some happy sensual pleasure Mother's womb romanticism of carefree days before we had to work study & kill.

Rama is 3 ½ years old. Already I romanticize his babyhood, wish to live again the swell in Evelyn's belly, hold the little 7 lb. 3 oz. one day old baby in the hospital, give him his toys in the crib, smile coo laugh and bubble, take our first bath together again blue whale swimming in the tub with us small child resting and climbing on my belly supported lightly in my crotch, read mornings while his mother is working and Rama plays contentedly on the carpeted floor, carry him on my back to the lake to take pictures, watch, listen, play, care.

Taking care of kids is a drag doing it all the time. Rama cries to be fed, whines for attention while I read, spills milk, dirties diapers, always there small fragile helpless. And I, as other parents, began to resent him, felt keenly the responsibility of raising him, the constant demands, insecurities, work. Resented his needs (what I understood of them) when they impinged on my own.

I've wanted to be a teacher since highschool. Felt my identity in reading & being called intelligent, ego bolstered by scholarships and awards, independence from my own parents secured by going away to school when I was twenty (had to commute to college until then), power felt in information and in passing on information. Wanted to be a college teacher: organize ideas, feel important, good money and hours. I liked kids, most people say that, liked to play with my nephews, but I thought I was too intelligent to waste my time taking care of them. Got books to read & fantasies of books to write, conversations, organizations.

Last November when I returned from 6 weeks in New York I realized Rama was fucked up. He was very insecure in being separated first for 3 months from his mother in the summer and then from me in the fall. He was the only child in a commune with 9 adults. Demanded; whined; cried. My first response was to put him in a good daycare center where he would be with other kids & with adults who wanted to be with kids. But I couldn't find a good daycare center. It was then that I began thinking about working with young children, began thinking about helping start a good daycare program.

Most men are deprived in not relating to children regularly; many women are oppressed on the other hand by needing to be with their children all the time, by being defined as one who takes care of children. We expect women to be tender, sensitive, warm with us because we see them being tender, sensitive, warm with children. But we have no similar expectations for men. We expect fathers to be strong, providing, disciplined; mothers to be loving, accepting, receptive. Soldiers; nurses. Boys to play with cars and guns. Girls to play doll. It is no accident that men become callous, rough, inconsiderate.

Mother responding to a child: the child cries, she holds him closely, caresses him, speaks softly, comforting. Father at work or in a meeting: frustrated with a machine, arguing, powerful or powerless.

Erich Fromm: "Mother is warmth, mother is food, mother is the euphoric state of satisfaction and security.....Motherly love by its very nature is unconditional. Mother loves the newborn baby because it is her child, not because the child has fulfilled any specific condition, or lived up to any specific expectation.....Father represents the world of thought, of man-made things, of law and order, of discipline, of travel, and adventure. Father is the one who teaches the child, who shows him the road into the world.... Fatherly love is conditional love....it has to be deserved....obedience becomes the main virtue."

Society's bullshit.

Men are deprived in not giving unqualified love to a child, loving someone without expectations. Men are deprived in not receiving the unqualified love of a child. Men are deprived of tenderness. Men are deprived of learning to respond to the needs of another human being. Men are deprived by their own choice: it is a male society. Who wants to take care of children? Who wants to play doll? Except that the choice is no longer a real choice: we had no models when we were growing up of men who loved taking care of children. We have learned to fear our fathers and to imitate them.

Christmas day. Rama & I leave early in the morning for ten days at a farm in Wisconsin. Conversation before leaving with his mother makes it

clear that she now expects me to be the primary adult in Rama's life. I am alone with a child; I am mother. The adults on the farm like children; they will read to him, play with him, but he is my responsibility.

THE MAN WHO BECAME A WOMAN: And I suppose the man is still lying on his pink bedspread and there is noone to lie beside him and there is noone And soon he will remember something and he will forget it again because it is easier never to remember anything, and never to love anyone, and never to let your fingertips touch her hands and fingers, sliding in the empty spaces, finding the soft palm, gripping together. Then eventually sleep will come. But now he is lying there naked and weak; tenderness will take you a long way.

I enjoyed taking care of him most of the time at the farm, but I resented his insecurity. He cried when I left the house without him; he cried violently when I rode the horse. But there were lovely times of putting him to bed, making up fantasy stories, playing songs on the banjo, hugging him good-night, and later climbing to bed with him. There were good times playing outside or when chopping wood he asked to help me struggling to carry the pieces I chopped to the pile playing and being careful not to get in the way of the sharp axe. But mostly I resented his dependency on me.

Wake up one morning to the smell of shit. Rama has shit in his pajamas and the shit is smeared all over him and the blankets. It is early morning, cold, Rama is crying pathetically. He probably shit in bed (something he hasn't done in nearly a year) because he wants me to take care of him, he is sad that I resent him.

We go to the kitchen, everyone else is sleeping, there is no water in the house, got to get dressed and go outside for water, got to light the kitchen fire to heat the water before I can clean him, he stands there shivering, sorry, afraid of my reactions, crying. Finally he is cleaned and quiet. But I am so thoughtless that I relate the incident at breakfast and Rama feels very ashamed.



Later in the morning when someone else is putting on his sweater to take him along to town he says that his arm is hurt. For hours he cries anytime anyone touches his arm. He refuses to move his arm. I am positive his arm isn't hurt physically but the pain is real. I am now very much afraid of what insecurity he must feel that he uses such desperate ways to communicate. Will he ever use his arm again? Hours pass. I assure him that I know his arm hurts. I ask him if he is afraid I would break my arm if I rode the horse. (Who will take care of me if Daddy gets badly hurt riding a horse?) We go to baggoning; I give in to his whining, holding him and comforting him; I express concern for the pain he feels and suggest going to the doctor. Finally in the evening while explaining what a circle is he moves his arm in a circle. Fifteen minutes later he says, Mark, my arm doesn't hurt anymore. I am no longer desperate, but committed to relate to his needs in a better way than before.

The next day I take some mescaline. For an hour we play in our bed a beaver fantasy; baby beaver. I am in touch with him, he face is real, I feel with him. Then later walking alone in the snow seeing my steps behind me feeling things no one will ever share with me hearing the delicate sound

AND SONS

of young trees full of snow as I shake and ride them. I hear a wild barking of hounds and am afraid. I feel alone with myself. I feel alone with Rama. And run swiftly home to be with him again climbing a steep clift in front of the house heart beating wildly grabbing trees sliding desparately to get home. I had decided to relate to Rama, not out of responsibility but out of the joy I felt with him. I realized that I would be taking care of him for many years to come; this could be either a chore or a growing experience. I decided to listen to children. And to be the child within me. . .

Now mid-April I work with, read about, car-
ess, dream about, listen to, fantasize, enjoy child-
ren. In January I got a job at the Hyde Park Alter-
nate School where I now spend 4 days a week with
8 children ages 5 to 9. Several months later my ne-
phew Jan came to live at our commune till summer.
And recently I've become involved with others in
planning for a free school in Lincoln Park for this
fall. I've become much more comfortable being
with children, more confident in my perceptions,
more alert to their needs. My decision to be with

George Dennison: THE LIVES OF CHILDREN:
"We trusted that some true organic bond existed be-
tween the wishes of the children and their actual
needs and we acceded to their wishes (though cer-
tainly not all of them), and thus encouraged their
childish desiring to take on the qualities of decision-
making."

Last summer and fall I was very conscious of
the initiative I—and other men— take with women,
realizing that an honest relationship is not possible
when one person is always demanding, initiating, act-
ing while the other is waiting, listening, yielding.
Now I see this also is true for honest adult-child re-
lationships. How can an adult listen to a child's
real needs when the adult is so eager to teach, cor-
rect and program a child's development? I am appal-
ed at how eager adults are to correct children; they
are eager to tell us something someone has taught
them, and we forget *what* they are telling us and
say "taught"; they tell us how a car works and we
forget the enthusiasm and correct some detail. It
seems adults want the power of being fathers, the
power of knowing everything, the power to counter



i am
alone
with a
child..

i am
mother

children has not worked magic for me, but it has
made possible new understandings. I no longer feel
totally alone and insecure with Rama. For one thing,
his mother has re-evaluated her own relationship
with him and spends a considerable amount of time
with him. And also, I am not near as afraid of my
own reactions to him as I was before. He is no
longer a fucked-up kid, just a normal ornery in-
quisitive lovely little brat who still occasionally climbs
to bed with me in the middle of the night, waking
me up in the morning with his sunshine, hassles me
about getting dressed, still wants a lot of piggyback
rides, hits me when he is angry at me, hugs me a
lot the rest of the time, more secure, more joyful.

John Holt, HOW CHILDREN LEARN: "My
aim in writing this book is not primarily to per-
suade educators and psychologist to swap new doc-
trines for old, but to persuade them to *look* at child-
ren, patiently, repeatedly, respectfully, and to hold
off making theories and judgements about them un-
til they have in their minds what most of them do
not now have — a reasonably accurate model of
what children are like."

At school I am learning to listen to children.
Instead of coming in the morning with plans for
what I want them to do (learn), I try instead to be
present as a real person who cares but does not man-
ipulate. Why should I have them perform a play I or
someone else has written, when they enjoy much more
working out their own fantasy plays, and when I can
learn what they really are interested in by watching
them? Why should I decide what level of reading
they should be at, when they have a very clear idea
of when they want to read and when they want to
fight or hide or work with batteries or figure out a
pulley? But I don't watch as an outsider; I watch
either as a participant in their activities or while do-
ing what I want to do. And they watch me, too,
and sometimes join me in what I do.

Holt: "What we need to do, and all we need to
do, is bring as much of the world as we can into the
school and the classroom, give children as much help
and guidance as they need and ask for; listen respect-
fully when they feel like talking; and then get out
of the way. We can trust them to do the rest."

the structures in childrens' minds with our own su-
perior structures, the power to make children quiet,
stuttering, afraid of their powers, obedient, docile,
bored with the world. It is no accident that child-
ren can learn a language quicker than we. For our
own aliveness has been thwarted by pedantry. We
resent the pleasure children feel in learning about
the world, and try to restrict them with our own
"realities."

What I am suggesting is that teacher is synono-
mous with father, and that fatherly love— as in the
ideal type, see Fromm above— is not love at all, but
an impingement of adult expectations upon the won-
der of being a child. Almost all child psychology
and educational philosophy is an attempt to justify
the severe way we repress our children. All phil-
osophies of liberation of the spirit—the romantic
poets, Norman Brown, Camus, Lao Tze—begin with
a rebellion against our fathers, and a return to the
pleasures of childhood: unless you become like
children, you will not see the kingdom.

The two roles I most identified myself with last
year - father and teacher — I am trying to free my-
self from now. I cannot be a mother, although I
have felt many things that mothers feel, and though
I have fantasized bearing and nursing a child. But
I can love a child unconditionally, without expecta-
tions. Being a man with children does not mean
being a father. And being a man can mean tender-
ness, warmth, receptiveness, listening, home, care,
instead of strength, authority, work, information,
and power.

*i have long been one to worship
flowers
when the brown buds in
early spring first petal
out of the bloody leaves,
then i sit there
holding stems and leaves and blossoms
until my breasts whither
in the night
and you are
gone.*

— MARK

What a
boy
can be

I might be a doctor
And help save people's lives.



Or I might be a policeman
With a siren on my car.



I'd like to be an astronaut
And live in a space station.



Who knows! Someday I may grow up
To be President of the Nation!



What strikes you immediately, coming from the world outside and talking to the kids at Summerhill, is that you can't tell the boys from the girls. This is important. It's not just hair styles and jeans. The girls are so self-reliant and the boys so concerned, the girls so calmly tough and the boys so gentle. No boy's voice has that conditioned flick of off-handedness that says, 'I am male.' They are interested voices, friendly and lightly generous, and their bodies are not tautly aggressive but trusting. You are startled when you hear their names. You begin to wonder how early children are warped in the world outside, dumped straight from the cradle on to one side of the line they must never step over, separated from one another and from their complete selves, permanently angered. Neill once said, at a progressive school conference, listening to them talk about how to keep the boys from the girls and pressed for his opinion, 'Why don't you put up barbed wire?' *Leila Berg*



LOVERS ARE A DIME A DOZEN

Old friend
it was almost the end
Jealousies in me,
old fights came on like
realities in the night

Last night
you came crying to me
crying over ambiguities
and things all finally come
to ring and roost
(like sorrows)
like borrowed troubles
over your latest life, your newest love

You left me tenderly for him
and yesss, I missed you deeply
You left me to cry alone
but I didn't really mind.
I missed you—I didn't hate him.

The whole world loves a lover
but a good friend is hard to find
Yes, the whole world loves a lover
but a good friend is so hard to find.

Remember,
you can love your mother
or you can love your cousin
but lovers, not friends,
are a dime a dozen

Love comes before friendship,
after friendship—love
And the wide world loves a lover
but a real good friend is hard to find.

QUEER FEAR

"Johnny Pissoff, why did you beat up that queer?"

—Sanders

there had been times when I doubted that i was a man
times as a boy when i felt an attraction for a friend
and been afraid

although no one had ever spoken of homosexuality
Somehow i learned it was evil—it was outside
America.

I heard that some boys were sick—were half-men, half-
women—that they had cowered too long in their
mothers bosoms—that they were miserably afraid of
women—had no guts.

they lived in the shadows of our bright and sunny
Kansas.

There was bruce who lived down the street
Ken whispered that "brucie" was a fairy
'see how he walks! dainty like on tip-toes!
look at those limp wrists!.' shh!
better keep away from brucie

i grew up half-realizing

i might not be man enough (queer fear awakened)
my shoulders might not be broad enough

i might want to cry sometimes
others were tougher—i was pretty tough
but still one could never be sure

no hair on my chest

and i was afraid

—everyone else so cocksure

boasting of exploits

and me actually afraid of women

or of being rejected by women

if sheila didn't like me was it because

i'm a little bit queer? Could someone else see

the weakness i kept inside

you can't be "a little bit queer" the voices

inside mocked

you're either a MAN or you're not.

(I had to try harder—fortify defenses.)

be-coming came late

losing my virginity was a relief

a discovery—fucking was enjoyable—i was normal!

i lost my virginity once, twice

finally i lost it good and could relax

(queer fear slept).

and allen ginsberg came to wichita

we sat in the vortex and chanted om shri miatra

until our bodies and souls came together in the vortex

long-haired peter read his fucking poems of he and

allen making love

of allen's orgasms and peter's tender finger in his ass.

what amazed me was that allen could

listen without blushing—explaining

listen without blushing—explaining

that they had been lovers for

thirteen years—yes lovers!

male lovers—a new reality!!

allen's beautiful orgasm remembered that night

in wichita gently opened my mind and bathed that

fearful world in a warm glow

he and peter presented no defenses

—were persons

gay liberation had begun (queer fear absurd)

years later in Chicago I found myself in a men's rap

group

we wanted to free ourselves of fears

wanted to break out of our stereotyped male behavior

but discovered chauvinism running deep into the

layers of our onions

When "men against cool" as we called ourselves

began planning a demonstration at the playboy club

we suddenly (finally) realized that the only other group

of men who might challenge the playboy image of

a MAN were in gay lib

their very presence was an affront

to the image of the Amerikan Man that we were

struggling to deflate.

as it happened, the playboy action and

the gay pride march fell on the same day

and we supported each other

June twenty seven.

in bug-house square a colorful collection of outrageous
freaks

a cluster of people with their arms round each other

men and men, women and women waving gay

lib flags colorful plumage, a festive spirit

I felt conspicuous—out of place

It was such a small crowd I couldn't get lost

(with a twinge of guilt I realized that I had gotten
used to the anonymity of large demonstrations.

I was embarrassed to be identified with this group
which not only acknowledged gl sexuality but seemed to
be flaunting it. Step came over then. we talked about
making posters for the playboy demo and someone ad-
dressed us through a portable megaphone—it was gay
pride week with actions happening in all major cities.

i loosened up

began to dig on the day

the gay parade began

and it was a more colorful troop of freaks

than any ordinary marching kaleidoscope

flaming oranges, sh key blue fish-net shirts, pinks

iridescent greens surrounded me

i felt conspicuous again until i looked more

carefully and found that many of these gay radi-
cals were clad in that denim blue, surplus green,

and leather leather that is so comfortable to me

It was a small demonstration but people couldn't ignore
it. It was not an anonymous crowd but a group of seri-
ous persons gay and serious/gay and serious/pairs of

lovers arm in arm

groups of people stood and stared, cars stopped—drivers

gaped—eyes bulging

to a public generally inured to demonstrations this one

had some spice

people didn't catch on immediately, so they asked—

"last time it was cambodia—what's this time about"

—from a man about 30

"gay liberation" i told him.

"whaat?"

"gay liberation"

"you mean? . . . ??"

"yeah, homosexuals coming out of the walls"

"oh." it stopped him in his tracks—mr. business as

usual.

as time passed, the spirit began to rise

two four six eight gay is just as good as straight

too for sex ate gay is just as good as strayt



on wacker an old man proclaimed

"this is the most beautiful demonstration i've ever seen"

gay is just as good as straight, i was shouting

i realized that i didn't know from personal experience

how good gay is

but i knew i had reason to shout

"gay is just as good as straight" or bi or whatever be-
cause each person must have freedom to define his own

sexuality

we are all fuc led up to the extent that we let

society impose its walls on our feelings of tenderness

for each other

the cop hassling "queers" in the park is only a very

crude manifestation of the amerikan nightmare

"gay is just as good as straight"—though neither are

good enough

i was shouting for my own sexual freedom.

"it (the baby) started playing with its you know
what so we cut off its hands" —albee

as we moved into the civic center plaza
our chanting reverberated off the walls of cement &
steel

"we're here because we're queer!"

(yeah queer because that's what you told us we could
never be)

"WE'RE HERE BECAUSE WE'RE QUEER!"

(we're queer to you because we insist on being
ourselves).

if you're afraid of queer
then you're afraid of me
but there's no reason to be afraid of me
(you must be afraid of yourself)

WE'RE HERE BECAUSE WE'RE QUEER

johnny pissoff, why did you beat up (off)

that queer?

gay gay power to the gay gay people
all power to the people

we were singing now and everyone
started dancing to "gay gay power to the gay gay people
All power to the people"
gay power encircling a mute picasso
gay power gay-energy gay bodies moving
my body started moving

suddenly a friend appeared out of the crowd
a friend who had dropped out of sight two years ago
we moved toward each other and embraced
warmly
then his embrace scared me —(flash) he must think i'm
gay!

i pulled away and put words between us
i explained that i was in amen's rap group
and handed him a leaflet

words built their little wall and we parted
queer fear had struck again.

—Steve



Brothers Meeting



At the first meeting of Men Against Cool, Paul told of the time when one of his best friend's mother died. Paul had rushed to get to the funeral, got there just in time, saw his friend, and then... Then he didn't know what to do or how to do it. He didn't know how to respond to his brother's pain.

And the rest of us knew how he felt. We had come from different backgrounds, but we had all shared the American male experience, and we all felt crippled, crippled in such a way that we fucked over women, fucked over each other, and fucked over ourselves as a matter of course.

We came together with a commitment to change, to change the ways in which we acted towards women, to change the ways in which we acted towards each other, and to change the nature of both our male and female relationships. This commitment has been essential to whatever progress we have made, to the joy that we have felt together and individually. If we had had the attitude, "Well, we'll see what happens. Maybe it will be interesting," then we would not have been pushed to deal with each other and ourselves as honestly as we feel we have.

We also committed ourselves to talk personally and honestly. Many of us had been in radical political groups and had felt personally stifled and making little personal progress. The fact that men used a particular language of expertise, an impersonal, analytical language, was important in maintaining our detachment from our own experience and from dealing with our own problems and with the ways that we made our problems oppressive to other people.

Men Against Cool was and is an experiment to find out the meaning of the word "brother." And this is an experiment that cannot be judged by the beauty of our rhetoric, but by the support that we give each other, by the personal liberation we each feel, by the change in our behavior, and by the degree to which we are able to communicate our lessons to other brothers.

The first few months of our group were very exhilarating. Meeting after meeting, we came away feeling an incredible relief and excitement. Each week we would talk about things that we had never talked about before with other men. We talked about our sexual fantasies, our self images, our painful experiences, our fears, our shames. Someone would describe a feeling or experience, and other men would flash, "Wow, me too!"

Mark once talked about how another man had slept with a woman he loved. He said that one of the things that got to him was that the other man had a large penis and he thought of himself as having a small penis. Wow! we all flashed. Most of us in the group thought that we too had small penises, but none of us had been able to talk about it before then.

Henry talked about the way that other boys had humiliated him as a child, including stripping him and throwing him outside for all to see. Doug flashed on that experience, and talked about how he had always had nightmarish fantasies about that happening to him.

These discussions were personally liberating, but they also had a very important effect on the group. We came to feel very strongly the commonality of our experience, the commonality in the experience of men in this society, a society that oppresses us and turns us into the oppressors of blacks and women.

During this period, Ed had a crisis with the woman that he had been seeing. It was a very difficult time for him. But it was important that he felt able to share with us what he was going through. Since then, different people have gone through crises in their lives, and not only have they felt able to share what they were going through, but they have also felt that it was important to share it with their brothers. And we have all felt more capable of responding and giving our brother the kind of support that he needs and that will help him grow.

We have had to deal with our fears that we all have in relating to other men. One of the primary fears that we have is of touching each other. Most men live their lives with no more physical affection with another man than a handshake and a pat on the back. At one meeting, Don was having a difficult time telling us what was on his mind. Paul said that he wanted to tell Don that he loved him, but that he felt awkward. Henry said that he felt like putting his arm around Don, but that he felt he couldn't do it. So Ed asked Henry, "Why don't you do it?" After a few awkward moments, he did, and Henry and Don both felt better. Soon we were all holding hands and feeling the growing love that was building among us. Since then we have worked more on hugging each other and otherwise showing our affection and support in physical ways.

We have all been very afraid of homosexuality and this is a major fear separating men. If we are afraid that any intimate relationship with a man could lead to sex, and we are deathly afraid of that, then it is obvious that intimate relationships with men will not happen. We have met with brothers from Gay Liberation and through these meetings have felt a considerable degree of commonality with them, and a tremendous solidarity with their struggle. We have participated in gay demonstrations, and have felt excited by the joy we felt there. We have talked about homosexuality, and while we all feel that there is much that we still have to deal with, we feel that we have made progress in dealing with our fears.

Another thing that we did was hold a demonstration against the Playboy Empire and its pig emperor Hugh Hefner. We felt that this was both an act of solidarity with our sisters in the women's movement in their campaign against the sexual plaything image that Playboy projects for women, and an act for our own liberation against the cool masterful wealthy stud image that the magazine projects for us. "Free Our Sisters, Free Ourselves!!" was, in many ways, the theme of our demonstration.



But after having done these things, developed our relationships to a certain degree, and feeling comfortable with each other, the intensity of the group levelled off. We enjoyed being with each other, and we struggled with each other very little.

So we are in the process of redefining the group. We now see ourselves as much more of a working group. While we continue to deepen our relationships with each other, our main task as a group will be to spread the joy that we have found in ourselves and each other, to spread the concept that the word brother can be meaningful for white men, to break the bonds that male supremacy has on all of us.

We are working on a mixed media show on men; we are talking with groups of men all over the Chicago area; we are helping other groups of men to get together; we are holding conferences for men to help us get together in new ways; and we are writing pieces like this to give our brothers the idea that change within ourselves is possible, that we can be a part of the revolution in other than a destructive, competitive, elitist way.

While we are doing this, it is absolutely crucial that we remind ourselves, and are reminded, that all this must be done in the context of women's liberation. For if we get together to liberate ourselves without regard to the ways in which we act as oppressors of women, then we can only be a reactionary movement. Then we will be defeating everything we profess to believe in.

We see that our sisters are leading the way in the struggle for their liberation, just as blacks are leading the struggle with their quest for liberation. We must support them, but we must do more than that. We must see the nature of our oppression, feel how we are fucked up, and struggle for our own freedom.

WEEKLY MEN'S

Men who want to get together can find each other in Alice's basement (950 W. Wrightwood) Wednesday evenings at 7pm. We rap together, sharing our joys, fears, confusions, etc., and try to work out better ways of supporting each other in our struggles to live revolutionary lives. YOU ARE INVITED!

RAP SESSIONS

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Media: creating uncool images for men.
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Political Action: how to confront sexist Amerika, and how to share our consciousness.
Manchild: memories of boyhood, growing up sexist in Amerika

POT LUCK SUPPER

bring food

CELEBRATION

bring songs, guitars, kazoes, poems, a happy heart, whatever you have to share.

It's been a year and a half since the police raid that resulted in the deaths of Black Panthers Fred Hampton and Mark Clark. And still the charade of "justice" and "due process" continues. A county grand jury returned a "no bill." A corner's jury ruled "justifiable homicide." A federal grand jury failed to indict anyone, but was critical of the way the raid was conducted. And at first, States Attorney Edward Hanrahan attempted to press charges of attempted murder and illegal possession and use of weapons against the survivors of the raid. All this sound and fury did nothing to change the essential point: Fred Hampton and Mark Clark were dead, killed by the state's attorney's police and those that murdered them still walk the streets.

The "facts" were simple and clear cut for anyone with eyes to see and an open mind. Between 82 and 99 shots fired by police. One shot fired back. Blood on the mattress where Fred Hampton peacefully slept.

But the culprits have never been brought to trial. Until very recently, it didn't seem that there was the slightest chance that they would be either. A special county grand jury convened six months ago, however, for a moment seemed about ready to make the attempt. On Thursday, April 22nd, they at first voted by 14 to 5 not to indict anyone who ordered, planned or participated in the raid. But Prosecutor Barnabas Sears, taking his job seriously, urged them to at least indict some of the cops who led the raid.

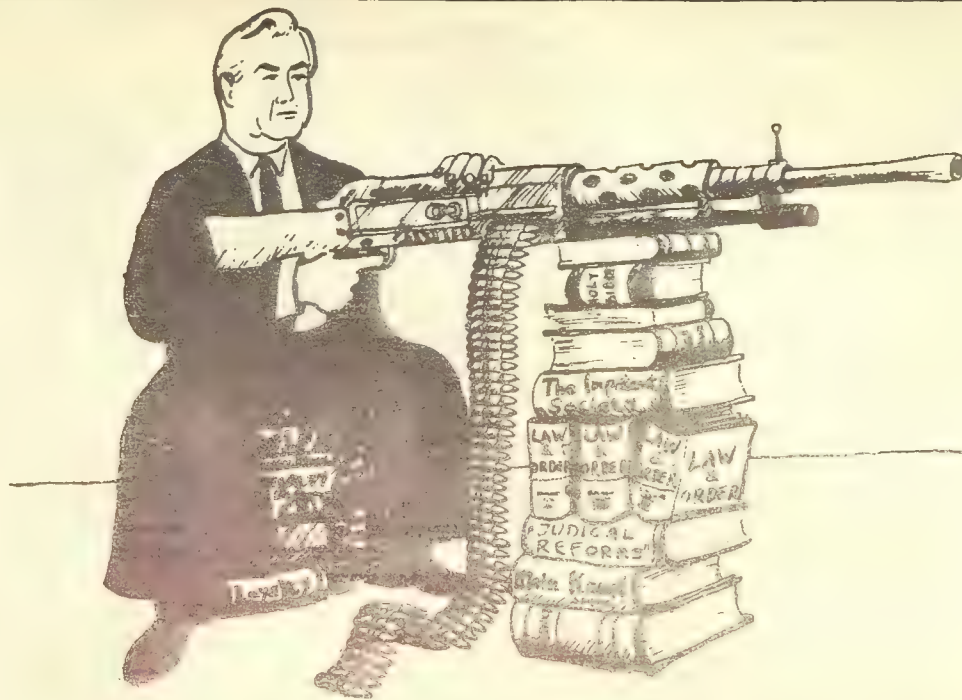
Members of the jury argued that if anyone deserved to be indicted, it surely included a few higher-ups like Hanrahan. They voted by 12 to 9 to indict him and named Police Superintendent Conlisk as a co-conspirator in a plot to cover up what happened and obstruct justice.

That was the point at which the fun really began. A vast apparatus swings into motion to ensure Hanrahan's safety and reputation. Mostly what it attempts to do is stall things while jurors can be somehow pressured into changing their minds, or, that failing, the jury dismissed. Judge James A. Powers of the Criminal Court (a former law partner of Mayor Daley) immediately summoned Sears, his staff and the jury members to a closed conference in his chambers. He refused to sign the indictments, and ordered Sears to call more witnesses. Sears refused, saying that the jury had heard all it needed. Hanrahan, after 4 months of declining to testify, was suddenly very eager now that he knew that his ass was on the line--before he just couldn't seriously believe that anything would happen. Now he testified for the better part of a week.

Sears and a lot of Chicago lawyers viewed the judge's action in calling the jury into his chambers as unwarranted interference with the jury's supposed independence of action. But then, this is Chicago.

Powers cited Sears for contempt for not following his orders to call a lot more witnesses. He fined him \$500 an hour until he did so (\$1200 a day!) and ordered the jury to have no more deliberations or votes until his orders were obeyed--thus hanging everything up.

With the indictments forstalled, an attorney for Police Sgt. John Meade, reportedly named as a conspirator, filed a motion before Judge Powers saying that there had been "so much publicity about the matter as to render it worthless" and asking him to dismiss the jury. 12 of the 14 cops who were in the raid filed another motion asking the judge to question individually each juror as to where she or he were "biased, prejudiced or improperly influenced"



at this point, citing a Tribune article which said Sears had used "exhortation, pleas and arguments" rather than evidence. If "this petition is not granted" (and the jury dismissed) they said, "the petitioners and their families will be irreparably damaged." But not like Fred and Mark.

Another ground brought up for dismissing the jury was the fact that Sears, in what is commonly accepted procedure, drew up texts of indictments for their consideration before they had voted to charge anyone. It's been good enough for thousands of other folks charged in Chicago for years, (including all those Hanrahan has helped send to the can) but suddenly it became unjust and unfair.

Powers will rule on these defense motions Monday May 17--so by the time you read this it may all be over. If by some chance it isn't, all proceedings are still

held up until May 26 when the Illinois Supreme Court will consider Sears' appeal of Powers actions. If the court upholds Powers, then the whole process of witnesses and hearings will begin yet once again, to "try to establish the facts."

The whole thing is a fine lesson in American justice. If 14 Black Panthers were to surround a pig's house at dawn and break in, killing everyone in their sleep... it would be a very short time indeed before the indictments were issued--it would be all you could do to keep "Chicago's finest" from forming a lynch mob to "string 'em up now." Hanrahan, protected by his office, his connections, and the other government officials who supported the raid, you can rest assured will be running for office, going on T.V. shows and issuing statements long after the county grand jury is a vague and distant memory.

—Bernie

high school

Helen High School returns! The High School Radical Union needs materials and people as always to prepare for its grand return after the summer. Summers not here yet but it'll be gone just as fast and unless we're ready the schools will be there as bad as ever. What we need second in priority to people is a mimeograph machine, paper, ink and news. Anyone interested in helping out call Helen High School at 929-0133 and we'll see about having a High School Radical Reunion some time in the future. Until then keep calling with news and ideas.

Evanston Township H.S.: May 12 the Radical Left Caucus of the Political Union held a "picnic for Peace" where there were speakers from the Peoples Peace Treaty, Young Socialist Alliance and other groups that deal with students and student rights. Any one in the Evanston area interested in helping canvass for the peoples peace treaty should call the Toehold (Evanston underground paper) office at 328-5911 and leave a message for Lisa.

New Trier West At NTW the hippie-commie newspaper the Seed has been banned from school grounds. It seems that the administration felt reading this publication corrupted the minds of their dear innocent children.

Maine East: The school refused to let students hold an assembly in memorial to the students at Jackson and Kent State. 75 people grouped to walk out of school in protest but they were dispersed and only 15 people got through. Later in the day someone pulled a fire alarm to get the rest of the student out but the teachers and school security blocked the exits.

Deerfield: The bill of rights that was being worked on was dropped due to "lack of interest." The reason for the "lack of interest" was that the general student body had never been informed that a bill of rights was being discussed.

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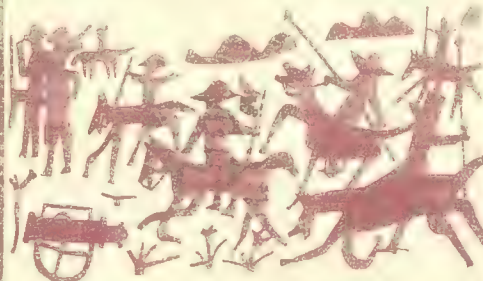
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ON SALE NOW FOR \$1.00 or from **LIBERATION**

339 Lafayette St.
New York, New York 10012
(212) 674-0050



Free City



Aid & Comfort

These organizations/services are all telephone emergency services that you can call for help with bum trips, legal hassles, medical aid, places to crash, or anything else legal.

Of course, if you're afraid of getting busted for any real reason, treat with caution. CHANGES is a group of people in Hyde Park who want to help people who have problems - they provide someone to be with in times of trouble, a place to crash, referral to other places that can help with drug, draft, legal problems. They do not yet have a switchboard, but can be reached at the following numbers: Andi-363-5049, Tom/Mike 752-2707, Hiliary-324-1469, or Steve 324-3092.

Genesis Drug Rescue, 598-2396.

LONELY LINE 743-6442. 24 hours-if your lonely-no one cares-give us a call.

CRISIS INTERVENTION CENTER-call 866-9500. Operates out of North-Western University campus.

EMERALD CITY DRUG ABUSE serves the Uptown area and is located at 1056 W. Lawrence. 878-6769 They deal specifically with drug problems but may be able to help with other problems. Sun. 4-11. Friday 4-2 and Saturday 4 to 2.

GRACE LUTHERAN CHURCH-555 W Belden. 929-3553. 24 hours a day. Free Feed Weds. at 6. INNER TUBE- Mon-Thurs, 8-12PM. Fri-Sun 4-12PM. 777-0545/6.

KOOLAIDE-30 W. Chicago Av. 664-0505. 1pm-2am Mon-Thurs and 24 hours on weekends.

LOOKING GLASS-24 hours. Primarily for runaways. 334-2601. 1725 W. Wilson.

YATS-YOUTH AIDE TELEPHONE SERVICE. 775-2211, evenings.

PUMP HOUSE HOT LINE serves the area of Mt Prospect, IL. They are a telephone counseling and referral service and can be reached at 259-7184 weekdays 1pm-1am and 24 hrs on weekends.

DIRS-DRUG INFORMATION AND RESCUE SERVICE. Serves the north suburbs from Lake Forest. 24 hours on weekends, 6PM-midnight during the week. 295-2929.

HOTLINE is a telephone counseling service available for the Oak Park and River Forest area. 848-2555 Fri-Sun 6pm-6am.

HORIZON PROVISIO HOT LINE is a telephone counseling and information service for the Proviso area. 345-3920 Fri thru Sun 5pm - 3am.

Community

A.T.R.O.P.H.Y. is a new organization in Lincoln Park made up of lethargic and weary ex-attendants of the now disbanded Free City Community meetings. Ego-trippers need not apply. Their victims are welcome on any local street corner. Bring your own tea and sympathy. For further information consult nearby tearducts.

ALICE'S REVISITED at 950 W Wrightwood is open every night except Monday. Check the Seed calendar for schedule of events. Alice's is a political, social and cultural center for our community. They have information boards, space for rapping or playing chess, great blues bands on the weekends and thursdays, folk music, raps, theater groups, just about everything. They also have some good food and some good coffee. More people are needed to help expand their programs, especially the Children's program on Saturdays. Weekends they're open to 18 and over people only. Call 528-4250 or stop by.

FREE CITY MUSIC is an information exchange for musicians and people related to music concerning musicians who need work, musicians looking for other musicians, instruments for barter or sale and occasionally a place to play. For info, call Euphoria Blimp-works, -PUSH 1 IN. 8 W. Tooker.

The Committee of Responsibility is a non-profit organization providing medical treatment for war injured Vietnamese children. For more info: Call 234-5065.

CHICAGO LIVE IN PROGRAM (CLIP) offers a new kind of communal-educational summer experience, focusing on Ecology, Women's Liberation, Alternatives in Education, and Power Structure Research. 722 W. 18th St. 226-5747.

ZERO POPULATION GROWTH has an abortion referral service. For more info, call Francine Topping 491-4627 or 492-8270.

THE BOOKSTORE LTD., trades, buys and sells books, takes crafts and almost anything on consignment. 2478 N. Lincoln, stop by.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE BOOKSTORE, 3322 N. Halsted has a large number of Women's Liberation materials as well as an assortment of used books. Hours are from 11 pm to 7:30 pm weekdays and from 12 noon to 9 pm weekends. 477-4373. Closed Sunday.

NEW FEMINIST BOOKSTORE at 1525 E. 53rd St., Room 503 sends out catalogues of books, buttons, stickers and pamphlets.

PEOPLE'S INFORMATION CENTER-2154 N. Halsted has information, books, and newspapers from the Black Panther Party, Rising Up Angry, the Young Lords and other revolutionary organizations. The center needs office supplies, especially supplies for a Roneo mimeo machine, and a whole lot of mimeo paper. The phone is 549-8626. They need food and money for a free children's breakfast program.

RAPID TRANSIT THEATER is back on the street with plays relating to North American struggle and the struggle of our Latin American sisters and brothers. They are also interested in relating to community issues and invite suggestions for their mime and theater. Call 929-7422 if you'd like them to perform and help in the struggle.

PEOPLE'S PEACE TREATY office, 5655 S. University, 955-7666 is engaged in gathering signatures on the treaty, and planning actions to implement it.

THE EVANSTON PEACE CENTER has a draft counseling service, a library and a bookstore, among other good things. They are also the N. Shore center for the People's Peace Treaty. The regular hours for the center are from 10 to 4 every day. For information on the draft counseling service hours, call 475-2260.

FREE STORE at the Youth Help Center of Grace Lutheran Church wants all the old stuff you don't need - things like old books, clothes, money, etc. Do not bring in large items like furniture, etc., but call to let us know that they are available. 929-3553. Bring smaller items to the Church at 555 W. Belden from 11 am to 5pm weekdays, or evenings by calling 929-3553.

MIDWEST DOPE DEALERS ASSOCIATION is a cooperative of righteous dealers in the community to get good and cheap dope to the people. This week's coordinates for message drops are Z-22-G4, Rogers Park. Please refer to M.D.D.A. guide.

RADIO FREE CHICAGO is back on the air bringing you an alternative to the so-called alternatives in radio. Their new hours are Mon-Thurs 11:30 pm - 2:30am, Fri & Sun 11:30 - 4:30 am and Sat. 10pm-5am. They're receiving their mail at the Seed until they get a permanent address and welcome criticisms and suggestions.

WAKING MOUNTAIN WOMEN'S CULTURE RADIO SHOW on WHPK 88.3 FM. Mon 9:30. TRIAD free-form radio. Space music and inter-cosmic raps weeknites from 8-12pm on 106FM. To make you smile and get you higher.

FREE PEOPLE'S PANTRY-free food and clothing for those who need them. 1944 N. Halsted. Open 1-8 Mon-Fri, 1-5 Sat-Sun. 24 hour emergency service.

HARPERS FERRY ORDINANCE, 180 N. Wacker Drive, room 605. Open Saturday 1 pm - 5 pm. Rifles, shotguns, ammo, & literature on guns and shooting.

WHOLE EARTH STORE, 530 Dempster in Evanston is a bookstore that's in it for a lot more than the money. "Community copies" of each book on sale are available for reading in the store, and people are invited to bring books by so that a circulating library can be set up. Also planned are the stocking of some of materials listed in the Whole Earth Catalog and rap groups on ecology, health, community, counter-culture and radical politics. Hours are from noon to ten, closed Mondays. VISIT A P.O.W. The Black Panther Party has begun a program to enable visits by family and friends to prisoners being held in the jails in the state. Rides are being arranged to Joliet, St. Charles, Sheridan, Vandalia, Menard, the House and others. If you know of any organization, church or individual who has access to transportation and can donate some time to the project call Rising Up Angry at 472-1791.

Organizations

THE ILLINOIS CHAPTER OF THE BLACK PANTHER PARTY publishes a community bulletin, operates two community centers, seven breakfast programs, a medical center, and the National Committee to Combat Fascism. They need money, breakfast foods, office equipment and supplies, mimeos, paper and cars. The office is at 4233 S. Indiana. 924-6575.

CHICAGO AREA GROUP ON LATIN AMERICA (CAGLA) is an information/action group seeking solidarity with the Latin American liberation movement. They are building a complete library on the Latin American revolution and hope to set up a distribution center for Cuban materials. For info/suggestions etc. call Li-9-3700 or stop by 800 W. Belden (McGraw Library basement) Tuesday from noon to 10 pm.

MOVEMENT FOR A DEMOCRATIC MILITARY is trying to get a little democracy into the armed forces by organizing active duty GI's and reservists. They operate a bookstore and office at 1303 Morrow in North Chicago. For info, call 689-2525. Open Monday and Wed from 6 till 7.

SOUTHSIDE WOMEN'S CENTER, located on the third floor of University Church, 5655 S. University, coordinates info on women's liberation activity in Hyde Park. Info on meetings, conferences, speakers and special events. Sells assortment of women's lit., posters, buttons. Has a clothing exchange, a crash pad bureau to provide emergency housing for sisters.

U. of C. chapter of Women's Liberation Union and a high school rap group meet there. They want to start a babysitting coop, pregnancy tests, skills exchange. Women's Potluck dinners with entertainment are being held twice a month on Sundays, 6:30 p.m. Childcare is provided. Listen to Waking Mountain women's culture radio show, Mon. at 9:30 p.m. 88.3 FM for details. Center is open Monday thru Friday 11:30 - 6 pm, and Monday and Fri. eve. til 8 Mon til 10 Fri. 9557879 (Fanny) or 285-3248 (Marsha) for further info.

CHICAGO GAY ALLIANCE provides an alternative social structure for the homosexual, aids young homosexuals in "coming out", provides speakers to present the homosexual viewpoint in rap sessions with the straight community, and is dedicated to ending the legal and psychological repression of homosexuals everywhere. They hold meetings at the Gay Community Center, 171 W. Elm. Call 664-4708 or 944-8393 for further information.

GAY WOMEN'S CAUCUS meets every Mon. at 8 p.m. at 171 W. Elm. 768-7575.

U. of C. Gay Liberation. Gay Youth meets every Sunday at 3 pm at 1212 E. 59th Street room 218. Office open 7 to 12 midnight daily and Sunday 3 to 12. Gay Rap number 753-3274.

COMMITTEE OF RETURNED VOLUNTEERS is an organization of returned overseas volunteers (peace corps, etc) doing research into American Imperialism and is working in support of all anti-imperialist movements. They're at 840 W. Oakdale, call 477-3340.

CHICAGO INDIAN VILLAGE 1354 W. Wilson desperately needs food and clothing for Indian families in Chicago. Call 784-9892 if you can help in any way.

GAY LIBERATION is dedicated to freedom for homosexuals to live without fear of repression and to develop points of solidarity between gay people and other oppressed peoples. See Good Numbers for listings.

LADO-The Latin American Defense Organization is from the Latin community of the near Northwest side of Chicago. LADO was founded in September of 1966 and has concentrated on attacking the problems of welfare recipients. In addition, LADO has acted on a number of complaints of police brutality. The latest programs are the Center for People's Health, and in addition to the Welfare Union, LADO is organizing around the problems of workers in the community, creating a mass involvement in the organization. Go by the office at 2353 W. North Av. for further information.

Kool Aide	30 W Chicago	664-0505
Y.A.T.S.		775-2211
Looking Glass (runaways)	725 W Wilson	334-2601
Grace Church (runaways)	555 W Belden	929-3553
Alice's Revisited	950 W Wrightwood	528-4250
Seed	950 W Wrightwood	929-0133
Rising Up Angry	2744 N Lincoln	472-1791
Second City	2136 N Halsted	549-8760
Chicago Journalism Review		644-5255
People's Info Center	2154 N Halsted	549-8626
N Side Coop Ministry		281-0690
Breadbasket		651-6000
Men Against Cool	477-9771 or	728-4338
Black Panther Party	4233 S Indiana	924-6575
IWW	2440 N Lincoln	549-5045
Young Patriots	4403 N Sheridan	334-8957
LADO	2353 W North	
Chi Peace Council	343 S Dearborn	922-6578
Peoples School	4409 Sheridan	561-6737
Student Mobe	407 S Dearborn	922-1068

WOMENS LIBERATION

Womens Liberation Union	2875 W Cermak	927-1790
S Side Womens Ctr	5655 S University	955-7275
La Dolores	2150 N Halsted	935-0364
TRIAL	2150 N Halsted	248-1600

GAY LIBERATION

Gay Liberation Front		472-2967
U of I Circle Campus	day	663-4843
	night	528-0564
Roosevelt U		472-2967
Womens Caucus		642-7476
Mattachine Midwest		334-2244
Third World Gay Revolutionaries		472-2967
U of Chicago	493	493-5658
Chicago Gay Alliance	664-4708 or	944-8393
Comm of Ret Volunteers	840 W Oakdale	477-3340
Community Legal Council		726-0157
ACLU	6 S Clark	236-5564
People's Law	2156 N Halsted	929-1880
Counter Cultural Law Project		649-8576
VD Clinic (free)	27 E 26th St	842-0222
Student Health Org	1613 E 53rd	493-2741
Black Panther Health Clinic		522-3220
Benito Juarez Clinic	1831 N Racine	243-4844
Young Patriots Clinic	4403 N Sheridan	334-8957
Planned Parenthood	185 N Wabash	726-5134
Fritz Englestein Health Ctr		348-8578
Movement for a Democratic Military	1303 Morrow	689-2525

National Lawyers Guild		929-3292
Dial A Beating	11th & State	PIG-4000
Police Emergency		765-1313
Audy Home	2240 W Roosevelt	633-2200
Cook County POW Camp	2600 California	523-0101

CHICAGO BRANCH OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORKERS OF THE WORLD is part of the oldest genuine radical labor organization in the U.S. The office is at 2240 N. Lincoln Av., the phone is 549-5045. The hall is available for meetings, socials and benefits, but needs a lot of work, so why don't you drop by and help out? Volunteer office help is welcome. Call them for help in job situations that are in need of labor organizing. Meetings are the 1st Friday of every month.

LA DOLORES WOMEN'S LIBERATION CENTER is at 2150 N. Halsted, and their phone is 935-0364. La Dolores has lots of programs: introduction to Women's Liberation; rap groups; Marxist study groups; Women's history groups; self defense classes; a day care committee, to mention only a few of the programs. The center is open at various hours; call to check.

MEDICAL COMMITTEE FOR HUMAN RIGHTS 1613 E. 53rd St., 752-7472, helps out free medical centers, provides instruction on street medical aid, and can provide medical presence at demonstrations.

MEN AGAINST COOL are a group of men trying to deal with the ways in which men oppress women, other men and themselves. They are holding continuing rap sessions on these and other related topics. 728-4338 or 477-9771. They also have an open men's meeting at the Survival School at Alice's on Wednesdays at 7pm. For more information call 728-4338 or 477-9771.





directory



MOVEMENT FOR A DEMOCRATIC MILITARY is trying to get a little democracy into the armed forces by organizing active duty GI's and reservists. They operate a bookstore and office at 1303 Morrow in North Chicago. For info call 689-2525.

NORTH SIDE COOPERATIVE MINISTRY is involved in too many programs to list here. They are working in the areas of promoting peace, low income housing, education through a Headstart program, common pantrys and a bail service. They need volunteers, food, lawyers, medical supplies, and bail money. Call 281-0690 if you need what they got or you have what they need. 2507 N. Greenview.

RISING UP ANGRY is an organization of brothers and sisters both grease and freak thru out the city. They publish a newspaper, hold open raps, cool out fights between the gangs, have a legal defense program, help sisters with health care, birth control counsel'g, legal aid and bail, counsel on military and draft problems, have available many revolutionary films and will come out to your neighborhood or school to rap with you. More information can be had by calling 472-1791. Their office is at 2744 N. Lincoln.

BLACK PANTHER DEFENSE COMMITTEE 955-7666 is an organization which supports the Black Panther Party thru educational and fund-raising activities. For literature and info, come to the BPDC office, 2nd floor, Blue Gargoyle, 57th & University weekdays 11:30-2:30.

STUDENT HEALTH ORGANIZATION (SHO) works to bring health and medicine to the streets. They are involved with several of the medical centers listed here, and they welcome, need, volunteer help. Help smash the profit oriented medical industry. 1613 E. 53rd, 493-2741.

TRIAL—Total Repeal of Illinois Abortion Laws is a coalition of organizations and individuals in the state that believes that Abortion is a woman's right. To aid in the repeal of the abortion laws, call 248-1600 or stop by the office at 2150 N. Halsted. Help is needed NOW.

WOMEN'S LIBERATION— See the good numbers listings and call one of the centers to find out what's going on - there's too much to even start listing here.

THE YOUTH INTERNATIONAL PARTY is dedicated to the overthrow of government, authority, money and morality. Leave messages in the hollow tree at the northeast corner of Lincoln Park. For more information call the red squad.

Health Centers

These clinics are set up primarily to serve the community in which they operate. All of them are understaffed, overworked and broke. If you haven't got the money for a doctor, then call the clinic nearest to you for information. But if you CAN afford a doctor, then don't go to a clinic just because you want something for free. These centers are run to provide decent medical care for people who might not otherwise even SEE a doctor. Don't fuck them up, nobody needs freeloaders.

BENITO JUAREZ COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER is located at 1831 S. Racine, and it's open Mondays and Tuesdays 1:30-3:30 and Wednesdays from 6-10pm. Call 243-4844 for info on services.

DR. E. BETANCES FREE PEOPLE'S HEALTH CENTER is operated by the Young Lords Organization at the people's Church, 834 W. Armistage. It serves people living south of Fullerton Av. in the Lincoln Park area. For hours and services contact Alberto Chavira at 348-4091, and for information on how you can help keep the center in operation.

IRENE JOSSELYN CLINIC, 405 Central Ave. in Northfield is a mental health clinic serving the northern suburbs of Chicago. Hours are 8am to 5pm Monday tp Friday though evenings and Saturdays are possible if you call first. It is NOT free, but the fees are according to ability to pay. 446-8910.

THE FRITZI ENGELSTEIN FREE PEOPLE'S HEALTH CENTER is at the Holy Covenant Church, Wilton and Diversey. It serves people living in the Lincoln Park and Lakeview areas. Hours are Mon and Wed from 6 to 9pm and Sat from 1-4. It provides medical care, checkups, shots, disease tests, referrals for health, housing and legal problems, child care and education in family health care, first aid and nutrition. 348-8578. The center is in desperate need of doctors and nurses, so if you qualify, please see if you can help them out. The clinic can also use donations to go towards the purchase of medicine.

SPURGEON "JAKE" WINTER FREE PEOPLE'S MEDICAL CLINIC is operated by the Black Panther Party and provides free health care for the community. They are at 3850 W. 16th St., 522-3220. Donation of money and medical supplies are always welcome.

YOUNG PATRIOTS UPTOWN HEALTH SERVICE is at 4403 N. Sheridan Rd. 334-8957. It is operated by the Young Patriots Organization for the people of Uptown. Hours are from 7pm Mon, Tues and Thurs. Sat from 10-12 for children only. The center needs money to continue to operate - supplies and drugs cost plenty \$\$.

PREGNANCY TESTING SERVICE—Women's Liberation Union. 929-1790 or 935-0364.

Legal Aid

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION handles cases where points of constitutionality are involved. They won't usually take drug busts or ordinary riot cases. The office is at 6 S. Clark, phone 236-5564.

THE COUNTER-CULTURE LAW PROJECT, 360 E. Superior, is composed of lawyers, law students, and legal workers who feel it necessary to use our legal skills to protect and maintain revolutionary counter-cultural forms such as communes, work collectives, free schools and underground arts and media. If you are a member of one of these groups and are being hassled or you want to rap, call Lee, Jim, Bill, Diane, Jane or Mark at 649-8576. All work is free.

FREE LEGAL AID FOR MINORS at the Grace Lutheran Church, 555 W. Belden, Thurs 7:30pm-10pm.

THE PEOPLE'S LAW OFFICE handles criminal cases free to members of revolutionary organizations, others according to their ability to pay. 2156 N. Halsted. 929-1880.

The **PEOPLE'S LAW COLLECTIVE** will come to speak to your group or coffeehouse. 929-1880.

Printing — Art

J.S. JORDAN MEMORIAL PRINTING CO-OP prints for the community at cooperative rates. Donations of paper and printing supplies are welcome at this Wobbly shop (IU 450). 6710 N Clark. 973-0219.

WEB OFFSET NEWSPAPER PRINTING— Call Fred at 641-6976 (ok to leave a message if he's out) for best prices and top quality. No hassles. **OMEGA POSTERS** prints for the community. Omega grew out of the CADRE printing program. They can print sizes up to 11x17 inches in four colors with separations provided. 711 S. Dearborn., Rm. 543. 939-7672. Very reasonable.

RED STAR PRESS prints for the community pretty cheap and pretty good. They can do four colors up to 17x22 inches, and they just got some new equipment so maybe they can do more. 1964 N. Bissell, the phone number is BITE - LSD (I kid you not).

WOMEN'S REVOLUTIONARY ART CO-OP has formed to help women break the chains of the colonizing brainwashing that they have been subjected to all their lives and to open up another front against the Amerikan Fatherland. Art Belongs To The People! 935-0364. Meetings are at LaDolores Center Wed at 7:30pm. 1250 N. Halsted.

Classes

LIBERATION SCHOOL FOR WOMEN is offering courses on Women's history, birth control, the radical women's movement, and many others. If you're interested in helping the school, call the Women's Liberation Union at 927-1790.

THE PEOPLE'S SCHOOL is operating on two fronts - survival through learning technical skills in communications and liberation through student developed curricula, ranging from creative writing to art to psychology to running a Saturday evening coffeehouse. They have been operating a student-run food coop as well. Call 561-6737 for information on classes or programs. 4409 N. Sheridan.

A **LEARNING & SURVIVAL CENTER** put together by a bunch of people is currently being housed at Alice's Revisited 950 W Wrightwood. See our Calendar for details and times.

Draft

CAMP has counselors at the following locations to provide advice on discharges for hardship, CO and other outs, as well as lawyers for Court Martials, political problems, etc. for active duty servicemen:

AFSC: 427-2533 by appointment.

CADRE: 664-6895

MCDC: 427-3350

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE—427-2533.

CHICAGO AREA DRAFT RESISTERS: 519 W. North; 664-6895.

phasing out draft counseling-will talk to refusers.

MIDWEST COMMITTEE FOR DRAFT COUNSELING: 427-3350.

NORTH SIDE

All Saints Church, 4550 N. Hermitage. LO 1-0111, 4pm to 6pm Thurs evenings.

Wellington Ave. Draft Counseling: Wellington Av. Congregational Church, 615 Wellington. 935-0642. Tues. 6:30-8pm, Sat. 10-10.

Rogers Park—Loyola University Draft Counseling Center, 1037 W. Loyola. 274-3000, Ext 615.

Jewish Draft Information and Counseling Center, 5959 N. Sheridan Road. For appointments call 225-0959 between 12 and 3.

Ravenswood Selective Service Counseling Center, 4754 N. Leavitt. M, Tu, Th: 7-10 pm. Sat 10-12 noon 784-3273 during couns. hours.

The people's school—draft counseling. 4409 N. Sheridan Road Tu: 1-5. 561-6737.

Wright College, 3400 N. Austin, room 120. Tu, W, F: 11-1. 777-7900, ext. 43 or 44.

Uptown Draft Information Service: Hull House, 4520 N. Beacon, 561-8033. Mon, nights.

CADRE: 519 W. North. 664-6895.

Lincoln Park Draft Counseling—600 W. Fullerton, 248-8828. 7pm-10pm Mon - Thurs.

SOUTH SIDE

Chicago Black Anti-War, Anti-Draft Union. 446 S. Michigan Av, 11am-6pm daily. 300 E 39th St. (YWCA) 7 to 9pm Tues, Thurs.

Hyde Park Draft Information Center: 5615 S. Woodlawn. 363-1248. 7-10pm Tues, Thurs, Wed.

Mandel Legal Aid Clinic, 6020 S. University, 324-5181 by appointment, Tues & Fri.

United Campus Ministry—IIT, 3200 S. Wabash. Call for appointment. 225-9600, ext 498.

Kennedy-King Draft Counseling Center, 7047 S. Stewart Ave. Cal 488-0900, ext 36 for appointment.

Southwest Clergy and Layman Draft Counseling Center, St. Gall's church 5511 S. Sawyer. 7 days a week 12 noon-9 pm 434-1533

South Side Draft Information Center: 2355 W 63rd, 2nd Floor. 925-3686.

Roosevelt University Selective Service Counseling Organization. 430 S. Michigan Av. Rm 204. 341-2016 by appointment.

WEST SIDE

Lawndale Draft Counseling Program. 277-3140 or 762-2010 after 6 pm.

Latin-American draft education program, 2353 West North Ave. M 6-10, Sat: 2-4. 276-0909.

Austin Draft Counseling Center 4842 W. Madison 287-1715 Tues & Thurs 8-10pm. Also Mondays from 7-9pm at 5903 W. Fulton 626-9385.

SUBURBS

GARY—Lake County Draft Information Center, 3525 Jefferson, (219) 887-5497.

EVANSTON—Peace and World Affairs Center, 926 Chicago. 475-2260.

MAYWOOD—West Suburban Draft Counseling Center, 100 S. 19th Av., 344-2343.

LOMBARD—Draft Counseling Center, 1 S. Park, 2nd Floor, 629-9146.

LA GRANGE—Area Draft Information Group. 24 W. Burlington. 352-6677.

TECHNY—North Shore Draft Information Group Divine Word Seminary, 1835 Waukegan Rd., 272-2700, Tues, Thurs 7:30-9:30pm.

NAPERVILLE—Council of Churches Information Center, 34 S. Washington. 355-0210, Wed, Thurs. 7pm by appointment.

OAK PARK—Village Draft Counseling Information Service, 1st Presbyterian Church, 931 Lake St. 383-1872, Mon, Wed, Thurs, 7pm.

RECYCLING PLACES

GLASS: Bring to city yards in Evanston, behind the municipal building on Clark just west of Maple. Saturdays 9 to 4 and Sundays 12 to 4, separate bins for brown green and colorless glass. In Deerfield at Woodland Park School on Wed.

NEWSPAPER: reused by West Side Paper Stock Co. Bins located at Hyde Park Shopping Center, Lake & 54th; Francis Parker High School, 330 W. Webster; High-Lo Food Mart parking lot, 2748 Greenbay, Evanston; STEP box behind Toy Heaven in Highland Park.

TIN (ALUMINUM) CANS: all kinds, not just soft drink cans, but soup, salmon, steel and aluminum, minus labels, money given to local environmental projects. National Can Corp. 5620 W. 51st St National Can Corp, 3217 W. 47th Pl. American Can Co, 6017 S. Western Ave American Can Co, 13th Ave & St. Charles Rd., Maywood Continental Can Co. 7830 W 71st St, Bridgeview Continental Can Co. 5401 W. 65th Continental Can Co, 3815 S. Ashland Ave Continental Can Co. 1657 N. Kilpatrick



Chronological Rounder Scam

1963—Stampfel and Weber form Rounders. Play many a job in the village. Cut album for Prestige.

1964—Rounders cut bloody swath from Boston to D.C. Play at several schools. Record second album for Prestige.

1965—Rounders join Fugs for short while. Weber stays with Fugs, later leaves! Rounders first record acclaimed one of top three folk music releases by the readers of the Boston Broadside in their annual poll.

1966—Stampfel & Weber search for new meaning in life, and people to play with.

1967—Record "Indian Man Whoop" for ESP Records. Play job at Stoney Brook University and get involved with Elektra producer. Stampfel starts playing with Sam Sheppard and Richard Tyler.

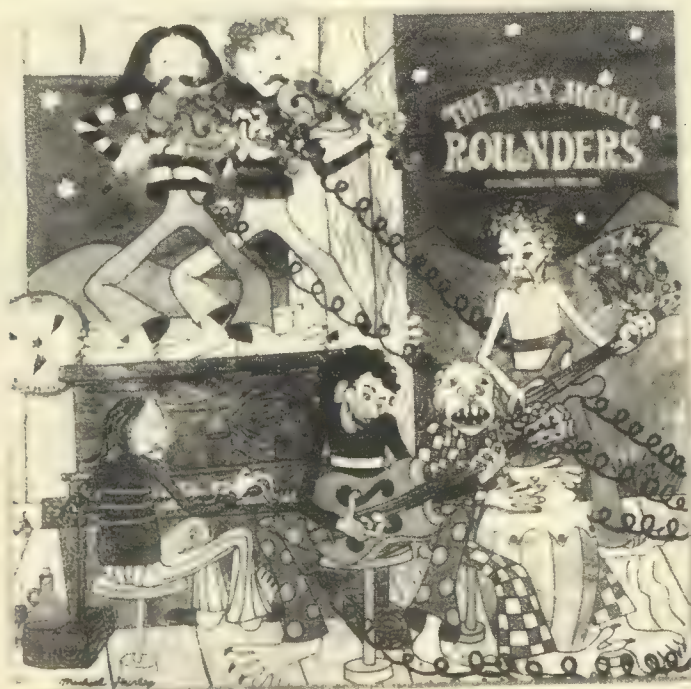
1968—Record "The Moray Eels Eat The Holy Modal Rounders" for Elektra from which "If You Want To Be A Bird" is put into the "Easy Rider" film soundtrack. Band has moved to California, starts playing with John Wesley Annas, cuts bloody swath from Los Angeles to San Francisco.

1969—Rounders return to N.Y. and acquire new management, new drummer, Mike McCarthy. Resume swath with such people as Velvet Underground, Arthur Brown, Van Morrison, Neil Diamond.

1970—Rounders feature in Sam Sheppard's "Operation Sidewinder" which they do music for at Lincoln Center. Play gigs all over Eastern U. S. with Creedence Clearwater, Joe Cocker, Grateful Dead, Johnny Winter, Delaney & Bonnie. Play Carnegie Hall with Byrds and Flying Burrito Brothers.

1971—Cut latest album "Good Taste Is Timeless" in Nashville for Metromedia Records. Bob Dorough is producer. Rounders poised to meet an unsuspecting public which has finally gotten ready for them.

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MD 1039



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Balloon Bust - cont. From p.4

the line behind me. Downstairs I am asked about action planned for that day but I hadn't had time or inclination to ask.

The injunction to move up Judge Green's order has been denied. Many people are being processed, paying their ten bucks and getting out. We stay, as do so many others.

Noon. An attempt is made to read a list of minors. They will be processed soon and released to parents outside. The first name is read. The second name is drowned out by angry yells. The reader pauses. Things quiet down. He starts again. He is drowned out. Finally, a new round of chanting, more intense than before (or maybe I am more into it). "One, two, three, four, we don't want your fuckin war". Stamping from people sitting in the bleachers (we were now allowed to sit there). Clanging of canteens or tamborines, or who knows what. On to "Ho, ho, ho Chi Minh . . ." Now we sing "Power to the People." For over twenty minutes we go on, and then we sit down in circles, joining hands, and the intense hum of "om" rises. Not another sound is heard. The energy is even higher now. We are strong. We are prisoners but they cannot imprison our will.

There is a loud noise and daylight. One of the side doors is open. Are we leaving? No, people on the outside had tried to break in. A loud cheer goes up. And then there is cop after cop filing in at the top of the bleachers. We sit down again. Someone (a lawyer) explains over the bullhorn—two bullhorns actually, which are being held in opposite directions by two MPs so all can hear—that the eight o'clock thing is not at all definite. There will be a hearing at eight to discuss Judge Green's order. Meanwhile the pigs want to process as many people as possible. These new ones have arrived in case we have to be dragged to the tables. We discuss what we are going to do, and most people not already lining up are into resisting by going limp. We settle down to wait some more.

Cigarettes rain down upon us, compliments of the MPs (national guardsmen, but to me they were and will be MPs). Then there are candy bars from the same source. Bail money is being collected for those who don't have it. A group of MPs are sitting in the corner set of bleachers and a woman goes up there to ask them for money. After each one that contributes, a cheer goes up. Fists are raised by both POWs and MPs but it is almost impossible to get through to the DC police. They have been told that they will get in trouble if they contribute to the bail fund. A couple of them do it anyway.

It is apparent that we will be here a long time unless we go through processing. Bill and Henry want to wait until we are dragged over, and then refuse to pay bail. If enough people do this they will have to let us out because the jails are already filled beyond capacity. But it doesn't seem like that many people will refuse bail. We decide that one of us should get out this evening and go to the church, to let the others in our group of twenty-five know what is happening to us. I want very much to go. The lack of contact with the others bothers me a lot more than the physical conditions do. Susie and Vicki will go to jail too, instead of paying bail, but all four will bail themselves out, if it proves necessary, by noon the next day.

We have more sandwiches than we know what to do with. Now we have been thrown peanut butter and

jelly, also peanut butter and raisin and butter. Who dreamed up these combinations? There are a few peanut butter and jelly on whole wheat, which we devour. A group of men in bright turquoise jumpsuits with American flags on one shoulder enter and stand in even lines behind the processing tables. They are huge, stupid looking but fearsome, and have crew cuts. Word goes around that these are John Mitchell's special crew, brought in to do the dirty work when we have to be dragged to be processed. These are the first pigs that really instill fear in me. One gets the impression that they are brainless robots rather than men. One cannot reason with robots.

Susie doesn't feel well. Swollen glands, earache. She wants to leave but not alone. I tell her I will go with her, and we go to find a medic to find out what we do—maybe they will put us at the front of the processing line. It is about three hours long. Upstairs in the lobby is the medical center, a tiny area bounded by two tables and some benches. The doctor talks to Susie and says they will try to get her out on a medical discharge. Is there anyone with her? Me. Can they get me out? Look sick. Okay, I'll pretend my asthma is bothering me. We do not have to be processed. We begin to realize that this is going on without the pigs' knowledge. I go down to tell the others that we are getting out. Henry and Vicki and Bill are as excited as I am and we hug each other before I go upstairs again. Mitchell's men are gone. I watch from above as another chanting session takes place. A group of maybe 15 people is dancing around with nothing on, I think. You can't see anything because they are surrounded by others, fully clothed. I hear an MP say to a POW that probably if they don't stop they will be maced. Judging from past reactions to nudity (this wasn't the first time today) I decide he is just bullshitting. We sit and wait for the ambulance vans to return so we can leave. There are others waiting.

A group of people from the black community arrive carrying hot food, the first hot food we have seen since being incarcerated. There is some hassle at the door as about fifty people come in. The pigs are uneasy at this show of support, and finally they push everyone out, but allow the food to come in. They are so uneasy that they clear away the crowd of people that had been waiting on the other side of the doors for some word from friends and loved ones inside. Finally, after about two hours of waiting the vans have arrived. We get up, about twenty of us, and walk towards the turnstyle where a cop is standing guard. We start to go through, but then are told to wait. The medic asks what the problem is. "Have these people been processed?" "Yes, everything is taken care of. They are being taken away in those vans outside." We walk towards the door. Walk faster," calls the medic. I abandon my asthmatic act and walk faster. Outside the door another policeman asks "Have they all been processed?" "Yes, we've got to get them to the ambulances." Down the stairs. Someone calls "Maralee!" I look up and there is Mick standing across the street. I rush over and tell him we are being taken to St. Stephen's, I tell him more later, I have to get in the van, I'm supposed to be sick. In the van. The medic pokes his head in, tells the driver, "Get these people fuckin outa here fast!" and slams the door. We are quiet as we drive up to a police barricade and are let through without any hassle, and then we relax and exult. But I still have a knot of concern in the back of my mind, not knowing what will happen with Bill and Vicki and

Henry.

At St. Stephen's we find Betty and George and embrace. Then they tell me that Charley and Dave and Rose and Celeste (again!) and Jeff and Mike had been arrested at the Justice Department. I feel my spirits sink. We go back to the Asbury Methodist where we are staying—like going home, but not as comfortable—and taking off all my clothes, it feels incredibly good to be naked. I put clean clothes on my dirty bod and go to sleep.

Wednesday I am sore and weary, sore from concrete floors and billy club swat. My thoughts are troubled by those still imprisoned. Walk to the grocery store and buy a watermelon. It is warm and sunny again, like the first day we were here in West Potomac Park, so long ago (only four days ago?). Someone has called the church to tell us that Charley has been arraigned in front of a really bastard judge, Beard, who gave him a \$250 bond with no 10%.

Somehow, we collect the money. I go to court to discuss with Betty, who has taken the money over, the possibility of using third-person recognizance to get him out without paying, but it would be too risky for one of us to pretend to be a Washington resident. Besides we don't look too respectable, in their eyes anyway. Back from court, Vicki, Bill and Henry are there—what an up! They got out without having to pay anything, without an arrest record, but they had to be fingerprinted and photographed anyway.

The rest of the day is lazy. Rose and Celeste and Charley all get out. Charley had a new judge and got out on third-party recognizance thanks to a lady who worked for HEW. Rose paid ten dollars and Celeste was dismissed. Now we are waiting only for Dave and Jeff and Mike. Four car loads leave for Chicago, leaving Rose and Celeste and I to wait for the last three to get out. It is a long wait. At midnight we have to leave the church, so we go to the courthouse. They are still not on the list of people arraigned. They are not in any of the eight courtrooms. We go get some pizza and get lousy service in a black restaurant. Turnabout. Back to the courthouse and Rose and I sleep in the car while Celeste checks the courtrooms. After a while Rose joins her, but I sleep until it is light out. They are still not in the courtrooms so we go get coffee and fill up Mike's car with gas and repark the car. I lock the keys in the car and a hard hat construction worker gets the door open with the aid of a twisted piece of wire. We collect some bail money from passersby and get back to the courtroom to find Mike being arraigned. Waiting downstairs for him to pay the \$25 to get out we find Jeff. It seems we have missed Dave in our long break from courtroom sitting, so we call the church to leave a message, and Rose gets in line with our bail money in case he is downstairs in lock-up again, having a large bond. We wait and wait, and finally there he is walking down the street. We are all free and there is idle talk of attending the march to the Vietnamese embassy. But I want so much to go home, and finally after a number of errands, we climb in the station wagon and hit the road, knowing we'll be back. Knowing we'll be back all the stronger from struggling together, and all the wiser from our deadends.

In Chicago I find myself not so concerned with things I have to do, but more concerned with spending time with friends. People mean so much more to me, being with others seems so important. Perhaps my "work" has been put in perspective. Less a machine, more a human being.

— Maralee

ON MY WAY continued from p.6

"block" some more traffic. Then the sirens came again and the cars, and we ducked behind the wall of a housing project. All was quiet for a while, and then we heard someone screaming close by, and the dull thud of clubs. Someone looked down the street and said it was three of those trenchcoated bastards beating on one guy. More pigs descend. A definite down.

We now find ourselves in the middle of a parking lot, in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by a very definite somewhere and by then I had decided that I could not go back into that somewhere anymore. And so we sat, and talked, and tried to convince ourselves that we weren't really so much afraid of getting into any more action, it was just that we were being "sensible." After witnessing several other atrocities around us, we made our way back to the car.

It was then 7:15 a.m. We had been in the streets approximately one hour. It had seemed like days. Much more happened. But I want to stop now because it was in that hour that I learned the most about myself and the movement and *back in the church, funny I feel so good, everyone is hugging everyone else, exchanging stories, charged up up, finding out who's missing, who's arrested, up up and I go up too, we are everywhere and the can of mace pointed at me earlier becomes spray deodorant and the ruthless pigs are suddenly fictional characters on a TV western and suddenly it comes to me that we have all engaged in our first (for me; anyway) mini-weatherman action and we have come out of it not alone and cringing, but*

with the sense of having made a step probably none of us knew we could make.

At first I am ashamed to admit how little street action I actually saw, and how I responded to it. And a bit guilty that I was not arrested, as 6 of our group had been. But those feelings soon left, as I realized that we were not into the competition game anymore. And no one was going to get down on me for not being "right on" all the time, because suddenly we were just human, and everyone had worked something out for him/herself that day.

For me it was finding out that I could actually pick that bench up—or try to anyway, and that I could run like hell away from pigs and use my instincts to try and find alleys and back streets under overwhelming odds of not knowing the city. In other marches and demonstrations mine had been a passive role—that of simply being somewhere in a large crowd where I wasn't supposed to be and have the pigs come and use tear gas or run us out. This was my first experience doing anything offensive, more as it was an overt, individual act of defiance.

Sure, I learned some about tactics too—like you don't try something like that in an area you don't know—how many dead-end alleys we ran up! And like you don't run with people you don't know. I still don't know a whole lot about how to deal with pigs when they have all the weapons, or whether we should have been more (or less) passive that morning and gotten arrested. I will have to think a lot about tactics from now on.

But it didn't matter that it was a military defeat. I talked to almost no one who had actually stopped any traffic for any length of time. Yet everyone I

talked to was so incredibly happy. My happiness came from the experience itself, and knowing that over 20,000 freaks had had similar experiences and had learned just as much about themselves as I have. My happiness also came from the support we received from the Washington community in the days that followed. Monday afternoon we were in a restaurant in a black neighborhood and an elderly man approached our table (we weren't hard to recognize, with canteens hanging from our belts, and numbers written all over our hands and arms) and asked where he could contribute to the bail fund. The following night walking near the Coliseum, where some of our friends were jailed, people would invite us in to have coffee, and give the fist. Some folks around target 17 later told us that they had purposely put lots of garbage, and even some large pipes in their alleys for us to use.

The way I figure it is that Mayday gave us a big push. Sure, we all claimed to be radicals and some of us had probably earned the label in one way or another. But all our marches and rallies and leaflets and newspapers and right-on rhetoric still hadn't earned the respect of much of the black community, and many of us didn't respect each other. I'm not saying it's all different now. All I know is that for 4 days I felt more human, more honest with myself and with others than I ever had before.

We're still green. I'm still not a street-fighting woman. I'll still be afraid for a long time everytime I hear the kind of sirens they have in D.C. But I have a feeling that I'll be seeing my friends in a different light now, and soon we'll be ready to regenerate that energy again, and again.

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CALENDAR

ART

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART, 237 E. Ontario. Thru July 4th, two exhibitions: Radical Realism and Sculpture by Cosmo Campoli.

COMMUNITY

PICKET LINE by National Farm Workers Organizing Committee at National Food Store, Diversey and Halsted, to protest selling of scab lettuce. Weekdays from 4 to 7 pm. Saturday starting at 9 a.m. Call 549-1631 or 939-5120 for further info.

ARMED FARCES DAZE—march, sponsored by Movement for a Democratic Military (MDM). May 15, assemble at 1303 Morrow Ave in North Chicago. Speakers include Jennifer Dohrn, Rising Up Angry, United Farm Workers, MDM and Chicago Vets Coalition. Call 689-2525 for more information.

MEN'S GATHERING (Men Against Cool) May 23, Sunday 4 pm at the Lincoln Park Presbyterian Church, 600 W. Fullerton. For information, call 477-9771. Workshops on Politics of Fucking, Men's Rap Groups, Men and Children, Media, Homosexuality, Political Action and Memories of boyhood. Plus, a pot luck supper.

WOMEN MARCH FOR WOMEN—Assemble at State and Wacker at 11 am, march down State at 12 noon and rally at the Civic Center at 1 p.m. to demand free abortion on demand, no forced abortion or sterilization, free 24 hour childcare, equal pay for equal work, and equal education and employment. Sponsored by the Women's Day Coalition, 427-4844. Benefit for South Side Co-op School at Alice's 950 Wrightwood, Sun, May 23 6 to midnight, film - Convention's the Land Around Us and Bands Central Hotel, Folk-Blue and Space (Rock and Roll) \$1.00 Donation. **MATTACHINE MIDWEST** open meeting on Sunday May 16, 4 pm Avendale Methodist Church, 3246 W. George. Speaker will be Ron Dorfman of the Chicago Journalism Review.

Chicago Area Association for Humanistic Psychology will present the 1971 Midwest Regional Conference, May 14-16 at the Sherman House. 42 lectures, tutorials and demonstrations. Call 472-7590 for further information.

COLLEGE OF COMPLEXES meets at St. Regis Cafe, 105 W. Grand Avenue, every Sat nite at 9 p.m. for talks, followed by open ended discussion—all presided over by Janitor Slim Brundage, a real Chicago landmark. May 22, "Urban Ills I have known" by Alexander Polikoff, Executive Director of Businessmen for the Public Interest. May 28 "A Religion for the 20th Century" by Philip A. Tunis. \$1 tuition.

COURT APPEARANCE of Mike James of Rising Up Angry, May 21 at 26th and California, 10 am room 606 before Judge Richard Fitzgerald. Charges, coming out of Oct. 7, 1969 demonstration include disorderly, resisting arrest, mob action, aggravated battery, and unlawful use of a weapon. At this appearance, motions will be heard and jury selection may begin. For further info, call RUA 472-1791.

BENEFIT for Rising Up Angry legal defense fund, June 6 at Alice's, 950 W. Wrightwood from 2 pm to 1 am. Bands will be Wilderness Road, Taxi, Euphoria Blimp Works. \$1.50 or \$1 with a copy of Angry.

RADIO FREE CHICAGO is back on the air: 11:30 each night, 10 pm on Saturday on 97 FM.

THE FIRST ANNUAL "Summer is a coming in loudly sing cuckoo extraordinary garden sale" will be held May 14 thru May 23 everyday from 8 am to 8 pm at the corner of Larrabee and Menomonee (1800 N. & 600 W.) This sale will be a partial benefit for the Parents School. There will be available high quality plants at reasonable prices, hard to find organic pesticides and plant information and books on the organic method.

NORTHSIDE WOMENS LIBERATION. The Sisters Center, 7071 Glenwood will be open every Thursday evening at 7:30 p.m. for a rap group and women's history study group. Call 338-6073.

LA DOLORES CENTER, 2150 N. Halsted, sponsors community services for women including Women's History Workshops every Thursday at 8. The Women's Revolutionary Art Co-op meets every Wednesday at 7:30. It's based on the idea that anyone can be an artist and tries to help increase natural artistic ability. For further info, call 935-0324.

YOUTHQUAKE—a gathering at Morse Avenue Beach June 4th at 7 p.m. called by the Fire Tribe. Free food, live music. The Fire Tribe plans to defy the city beach curfew, which is 11 pm, and therefore urges people to come prepared for a confrontation.

GAY LIBERATION FRONT. new members meetings are being held on Wednesdays from 7 to 9 pm at 667 W. Barry. Thierry on bell. For further info. call 472-2967.

GAY COMMUNITY CENTER at 171 W. Elm open every night and all weekend for informal rapping. Everyone welcome. **CHICAGO GAY ALLIANCE** meetings held every Sunday at 7 pm at the center. A communal dinner follows.

GAY WOMEN'S CONFERENCE in Los Angeles June 25-26-27. Women only, straight sisters welcome. For info on participation, housing, etc. write to Gay Women's Intergruop Council-L.A. c/o D.O.B. Center, 1910 S. Vermont, L.A. Calif.

FREE SPEECH FORUM every Friday at 8 pm at People's Church, Armitage and Dayton, sponsored by the Lincoln Park Rights Coalition (642-2624). No Admission.

POETRY READINGS at the Whole Earth Store, 530 Dempster in Evanston. Jerry Parrott on May 16, Peter Michelson on May 23 and Bill Henkin on June 6. at 8 p.m. Poets and Novelists to read later in the series are Ed Dorn, Dave Etter, Michael Anania, Mike Malkas and Robert A. Wilson.

THEATRE & DANCE

GOODMAN THEATRE, 200 S. Columbus Dr. Children's Theatre Co. presents Aesop's Fables. thru May 24. Sat & Sun 11:30 am & 2:30 p.m.

FREE THEATER—"Aesop's Fables" a multimedia rock opera by William Russo at 32-57 N. Sheffield; 4 pm every Saturday (children's matinee) and 7 and 9 pm every Sunday-Free admission. For info: 929-6920.

THE DANCE TROUPE will present "Journey" and "Three Folk Pieces" every Wed. at 8 pm thru May 26 at the Columbia College Center for Performing Arts, 1725 N. Wells Contribution \$1.50.

THE CHICAGO EXTENSION present improvisational theatre. Sundays at 8:30 at the Body Politic, 2259 N. Lincoln Avenue.

THE ENSEMBLE presents "The Living Newspaper" at Leon Lerner Theatre, 4520 N. Beacon Street, 8 p.m. Fri. 7:30 & 9:30 on Sat and 8 pm on Sun. Tickets are \$2 but are distributed free to the Uptown community. 769-0601.

THAT STEAK JOINT has a play, as well as food. It's "Picasso's Moustache" and is at 9 pm on Sun & Tues-Thurs. At 11:30 on Fri & Sat. Call 943-5091 for reservations.

CHICAGO CITY PLAYERS present "The White House Murder Case" by Jules Feiffer thru the first week of June at 615 W. Wellington, Fri & Sat at 8:30 pm, Sunday at 7:30 pm \$2.50. For reservations, call 929-0542.

OLD TOWN PLAYERS present "Jack, Be Nimble!" a musical comedy based on "The Importance of Being Ernest" by Oscar Wilde thru July 11. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Sunday at 7:30 \$2.50. At 1718 N. North Park. Call 645-0145 for reservations.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO THEATRE will present the American Premiere of Werner Kriegstein's "Origin 0400." at the Reynolds Club Theatre, 57th and University, Fri, Sat, Sun May 14-15-16 and Fri & Sat, May 21-22. Curtain time, 8:30 pm. Tickets \$1.50, \$1 for students with ID.

JANE ADDAMS THEATER presents "Fragments" by Murray Schisgal and "The Last Straw" (a new comedy by Charles Dizenzo every Fri. and Sat. thru May 22nd at 8:30 at the Jane Addams Center of Hull House, 3212 N. Broadway. Admission \$1.50. Students \$1.

THE PUPPET PLACE presents the Dark Theatre of Chicago in "8 Items or Less" thru June 6. Fri, Sat, Sun at 8 pm-FREE. 3402 N. Halsted. Starting June 11, the Puppet People in "The Last Unicorn".

MOVIES

3-PENNY CINEMA, 2424 N. Lincoln Avenue. Current feature is "The Murder of Fred Hampton", made by the same film group responsible for "American Revolution II". The Coming Attraction is Andy Warhol's "Lonesome Cowboys" and "Flesh." for info, call 528-9126.

ALICES REVISITED—showings at 8 and 10 pm. Tuesday May 18—"Gospel According to Saint Mathew" by Pasolini, Tues, May 25, "The Black Panther Report" and "Inter Black Panther Report" and "Interviews with My Lai Veterans." 950 W. Wrightwood.

BIOGRAPH THEATRE, 2433 N. Lincoln Ave. is presenting films of the thirties and forties. Admission is \$1.25 for a double feature. Phone for info is 348-4123. May 14-20 "Anthony Adverse" and "The Story of Louis Pasteur", May 21-27, "The Petrified Forest" and "Zola", May 28-June 3, "The Public Enemy" and "The Adventures of Robin Hood."

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, Quantrell Auditorium, 2nd floor, 5811 S. Ellis. Doc Films presents:

5/18 - at 7:30 "It Should Happen to You" (George Cukor) - 75 cents.

5/19 at 7:30 "The Tall Men" (Raoul Walsh) - 75 cents.

5/25 at 7:30 "Bhowani Junction" (George Cukor) - 75 cents.

5/26 at 7:30 "A Time to Love and a Time to Die" (Douglas Sirk) - 75 cents.

5/28 at 7:15 and 9:30 "Judex" (Georges Franju) - \$1.

6/4 at 7:15 and 9:30 "Oh! What a Lovely War" (Richard Attenborough) \$1.

MUSIC

FREE DAY—an afternoon of free rock music by some righteous local talent: "a collective high energy life trip" May 22 from 12 - 6 pm at Lombard Commons Park, Grace Street and St. Charles Rd. Lombard Illinois. (May 23 in event of rain.).

ALICES REVISITED, 950 W. Wrightwood. Fri. & Sat. May 14-15, Jimmy (Fast Fingers) Dawkins, May 21-22, John Little John & Jimmy Rodgers, May 28 & 29, Lefty Diz with B.B. King Jr., June 4 & 5, Otis Rush. Open at 7 Fri & Sat. \$1 donation. You must be 18 on weekends. Thursday nite—Jam nite with Yama and the Karma Dusters (Euphoria Blimpworks Band). Every Wed nite at 8 p.m. "The Great Butterflynut Mystery": "good ol' down home funky folksy bluesy ragtime hillbilly MUSIC!"

THE HENRY DAVID MOVEMENT exploding May 28, along with their light show, smoke bombs and burning guitars at the Dwayne School Auditorium in Glen Ellyn. Admission \$2, \$2.50 and \$3.

THE QUIET KNIGHT, Belmont and Sheffield, present McIan-Forrest Stage Group every Monday night. Siegel-Schwall on Tuesday nights. Call 348-9509. Must be 21.

CHICAGO JAZZ WORKSHOPS—concerts every Sunday at 4 p.m. at the IWW Hall, 2440 N. Lincoln Avenue, followed by open Jazz Jam sessions. It will be a center for the study of new Jazz. Admission \$1.50. For information, call 549-5045.

OLD TOWN SCHOOL OF FOLK MUSIC presents Avon Gillespie's Spirit of Soul Singers, a choral ensemble on Sunday, May 16 at 2 p.m. at 909 W. Armitage. Admission \$1. Kids 50 cents.

WISEFOOLS PUB, 2270 N. Lincoln. Wilderness Road band every Thursday. \$1 admission. 929-1510.

THE BARBAROSSA (the folksinger's folk club) features Tary Rebaner Sundays thru Thursdays at 10:30 p.m. Fri & Sat, May 21 & 22, Hans & Connie and Bob Simms, May 28 & 29, Steffi Fuller. This is a bar, you must be 21. For info, call 944-8959.

GAY LIBERATION DANCE on May 15 from 9 pm to 1 am in the Illinois Room, University of Illinois, 750 S. Halsted. "Second Coming" band, light show. \$2.

JOHN MAYALL CONCERT Saturday May 15 at 8:30 pm at the Auditorium Theatre. Tickets are \$6.50, \$5.50, \$4.50 and \$3.50. Available by mail from Ticketron, 300 N. State Street.

THE SHED COFFEEHOUSE, folk singers, speakers, Bryn Mawr Puppets, Thurs & Fri, eves 8-12 midnight, 1020 Bryn Mawr.

RENAISSANCE—a coffeehouse (mostly for high school kids) in Oak Park, behind the First Congregational Church, Lake & Kenilworth Strs. Oak Park. Fri 8-11 pm live music 50 cents. Wed 7:30-10:30 Free.

CLASSES

WOMEN'S LIBERATION CLASSES, sponsored by the Women's Liberation Union. New term starts June 21. For more information, write Liberation School, c/o CWLU, 2875 W. Cermak, Chgo, Ill 60623. or phone 927-1790.

CREATIVE MARXISM: Alternative futures for Amerika, Suncays at 4 pm and Tuesdays at 7:30. A seminar dealing with ecological and technological possibilities for America's future. and the relevance of Marxism. Call 348-7119 for location and further details.

WORKSHOP ON US IMPERIALISM IN LATIN AMERICA. May 18 "Peru—a case of economic imperialism" presented by Vince Beckman at 7:30 pm at McCormick Seminary Library Basement, corner of Halsted, Fullerton and Lincoln. Part of a continuing series sponsored by Chicago Area Group on Latin America For info-421-7589.

NAM—MYOHO—RENGE—KYO. Find true Buddhism and discover the powers of the universe. Nichieren Shoshu discussion meetings. Sat. nites at 7 pm. 3944 W. Lawrence Ave. 2nd floor Walk in. for info: 283-2057 or 463-7762.

THE PEOPLES SCHOOL, 4409 N. Sheridan is having liberation classes, featuring courses in philosophy, music, the occult, photography, street medicine, earth class, Afro-American history, creative writing, etc. Mondays thru Thursdays and FREE. For further info-call 561-6737.

Chinese Gung-Fu is an esoteric science of self-defense that aims to create a divine man and woman. Parkway Community Center, 500 E. 67th St. Call John Thomas, 493-1306 for further info.

On-going classes in self-defense for women are being held on Thursdays 6-7 at IWW hall, 2440 N. Lincoln, AND Saturdays 3-5 at Ida Noyes Hall, University of Chicago, 1212 E. 59th St. AND Sat 11 am - 1 pm at the Southwest YWCA, 5711 S. Ashland.

STUDENT HEALTH CONFERENCE—Friday (starting at 7:30 p.m.) and Saturday (from 9 to 5), May 21 and 22nd at the University of Illinois Pharmacy Building, 833 S. Woods. Guerrilla theater, speakers and workshops on: free clinics, women's health care, hierarchy in the medical profession, curriculum and admission policies in medical schools, institutions and the community, students and workers, national and Chicago health politics.

ALICES SURVIVAL SCHOOL courses at 950 W. Wrightwood. All classes are free.

Tuesday: 5-6 Spanish, 5-7 First Aid, 5:30 Survival on the road, 6-10 Legal Advice, 7:00 Psychodrama (new members), 7:30 Psychodrama (regular members).

Wednesday: 6:30 beginning guitar, 7:00 open men's meeting, 7:30 guitar workshop, 8:30 communal living, 10:30 poetry readings.

Thursday: 6:00 R.D. Laing discussion, 6:00 folk history, 6 to 8 dealing with legal hassels and 8:00 open women's meeting.

Saturdays—12 noon—free schools workshop. For information on these classes, call 528-4250.

WARREN HARDING, famous climber of El Capitan's Wall of the Morning Light will be at WinSum Ski Shop, 455 W. Armitage with slides and movies of his historic climb, Tues. May 18 at 7 pm. This was the toughest face climb in the world, extending 3000 vertical feet, from an altitude of 4200 ft to 7200 ft, and lasting 27 days. Free food will be served.

LATE BREAKING NEWS:

May 29 and 30th—free festival on the Northwestern University Lakefront campus. At least 20 local bands, including Pancho Pilot, Mason Proffit and Wilderness Road. Free Folk Music Concert, Sun, May 23 at 2100 Half Day Road, Deerfield. Call 945-5321 (Lana Rae) for information.

Bergman-Truffaut Film festival. Thurs thru Sun, May 20-23. Call 663-7780 (Janet Carol) for information.

Send all listings for this page to **Calendar c/o Chicago Seed, 950 W. Wrightwood, Chicago, Ill. 60622.**

MESSAGES

Happy Birthday to Jan from TOC and to Richard from Maralee.

Mike Martin plays in group called IF, used to be called John. If seen, tell him to call Deb Parker 937-9678, met at Broken Arrow.

Will Neal who was working at the Purple Mouse trap in Carbondale about 4 wks. ago please write to me care of the seed. You had curly hair, friend, sandy. P.S. where were you the next night. I came to see you.

Artie—the clinic called, I got your message. Still can't find you anywhere, I left my number at the clinic. Call me! Rosie.

Hey! Would either Gary Grod or Andy who used to work at Sunshine Aide please contact HALENE by leaving a message with April, 747-3780 or Sue, 841-4298.

Anybody knowing the whereabouts of Sara Hamilton please call her mother at 366-1728. Reverse the charges if necessary.

Frank or Errol—call Evan. Eu-6-6777.

Attention: remnants of the sixth floor liberation front—Moshe would like very much to hear from you—Moshe Ben Cook, 80 Main St. Danbury, Ct. 06810

Irish Debbie, the dude who talked to you on 4-25 in Oak Park would like to rap to you again. You're two beautiful to only see once. Please call Little Ed at 788-2391.

Mark Pacid—write or call. We won't get you in trouble, we just want to know you're okay—John, Judi and Ken.

Gloria: Andy is looking for you. We met in Fields and the Hancock Center. Please contact me at this number—842-7207.

TOM REID: PLEASE WRITE OR CALL WIFE OR MOTHER SO WE KNOW YOU'RE ALRIGHT! VERY CONCERNED. SR.

Mary: you have made me very happy—Bernie.

FOR SALE/TRADE

Still Splitting for California. Still got lotsa good stuff left. Come quick and pick up on a lot of heavy and light life supplies. Ron or Ginny at 327-8803.

FOR SALE (No Rip off) 1959 Chev., needs a little work (timing) but will run well—\$30. Call Ron early mornings or late evenings at 791-1642 or leave message at 866-7425.

For sale: Allied stereo FM/AM receiver, 30 watts, 2 inputs, \$80. Two Allied 8 inch speaker systems, 12 watts per, \$25. Separately or everything for \$95 (\$150 new). Jan, 7301 Sheridan Road, number 306, after 6 pm.

Stove, Frig and table and chairs all for \$60. Call Val daytime weekdays from 9 to 5. Leave message, pick up wares in evenings south on ashland. 846-8465.

For sale: short hair wig. One week old \$35. 845 Belle Plaine. 2nd floor. L.H. side.

Gibson Ebo Bass for sale. Great Condition \$150. Buy now and get a spare bass. A "Stromo" worth \$80. That's all. \$150. No Ups No downs. or will trade for decent g-string electric. Call Rick at 221-5162.

VW 64 bus. Runs good, radio gas heater, body has some rust. Call Norm 271-3707.

Magic Chef stove clock, timer, ex. cond. cabinet if you want it—\$25. Sink and cabinet. Sink-ex. cab-fair. Oak staircase—best offer turns to right. Call 248-2580. 2 to 4:30 PM or after 10 pm.

For sale: School Bus, 1956 Ford V-8, 52 passenger, good running—great for camper. \$500. Contact Dave, 1920 Mohawk.

Must Sell - Leaving Country: double bed, 60 watt amplifier, decent turntable, 4-track onto stereo and tapes, high fur boots. Call Al (after 6:00 or weekends) at 935-4623.

Ludwig white pearl drums and cymbals with cases \$600 will sacrifice for \$300. Call Peter 839-1885 (6pm to 9pm).

King-sized waterbed, 6ft by 7½, no holes or leaks, only used one month. Liner included. 20. 327-2158

For sale: Allied Weatheradio, new. Gives gov't broadcasts on weather, \$12. or best offer. Call 369-9602, rm 219, ask for Mary of leave message.

Women's standard bicycle, 1970 Schwinn, basket & chain lock included, reasonable. Call Nancy, 929-3823.

For sale: Roberts 770X tape recorder with a selection of prerecorded tapes, \$200 or best offer. Ex cond. 825-4743 Paul

INTERCOURSE

GIGS

Wanted—one outdoor type male, to replace strung-out grenadier, learn while you earn, combat pay available. Contact Team Leader 1st Sqd. 1st Plt. A Co. 2/327 Inf. 101st ABN. (Ambl).

Peoples Carpentry—Jeff Bolla and Tom Lynch Quality work, cheaper than AFL-CIO. Remodeling, Waterbed frames, stereo cabinets, flying machines! 743-2193.

Child care for infants and toddlers in my home. Experienced and cheap. Call before 5 pm. weekdays. 324-9290. Ask for Marlene.

Experienced actor, 23, will act in your film; if you can afford to pay I definitely can use the money; but if you can't afford to pay and I like the project, I'll do it for free. Leave message for Bill at 248-4520.

I need a job! Any kind. After 12 p.m. I'm 17. I have drivers license. Mike, 224-4926. Usually home after 10 p.m.

Two gay males would like to be employed at anything from odd jobs to regular 9 to 5 jobs. (good dancers). Seed Box Number 1918.

CRIBS

Roommate wanted June 1. A straight single needed to share 2 bedroom Lincoln Park flat. I teach in a Lincoln Park free school. Am also into photography, blues and country music, Eastern thought. Half of total rent is \$57.50 Call Cy at 477-8117 after 10 p.m. Keep trying.

Wanted: Room or apartment near (154th St.) downtown Harvey. Am willing to share. I've got a job in Harvey for the summer but no place to live. If you have an extra mattress or floor space call Dave, collect at 743-4963. (Area code 317 Purdue U.) I am blond, male, 21 yrs. old and have stereo with 200 records to bring. I'm desperate, with little money."

Interested in joining commune or sharing apartment—will share rent and work. Norm 281-1370.

Roommate needed. Belmont Clark area- male head-gay preferred - 929-4690.

For Carroll or Phyll: Would like to share your apartment, but perhaps for only June and May. Call 489-5950 or 235-2735 and leave message for Gary and Ann.

Female to share 5 room apartment with same, own bedroom, 2200 North, 1100 West. Eves. 327-1969.

Young woman needs place preferably in country, or in city to live, by August 1. Has slight formal knowledge of medicine and herbology. Annie —Seed Box 13

FREE

Roll-away bed, good for small person. Call 327-2158.

Have 2 nice mixed dogs, one 7 mo wire haired female good watchdog, also one all white female 5 mo, 2 nice tiger kittens 2½ mo will give to good homes. Come to Pet Shop 2631 N Halsted.

Kittens and cats free to good home. See them at Bread Shop 3643 N Broadway.

We love our cats, but we have too many. We don't want to put them out, so if you can dig one of our kittens or an older male, please give one of them a home and love. Tony 375-0348.

HELP!

Needed (quick): Anyone who was or is with VISTA please contact me. Need an interview for school. Ask for Annette at 383-5943.

Wanted: sincere people for Youth Emergency Service & Crash Pad Volunteers & Counselors call Al, 582-8341

Camera and film were ripped off in D.C. Can anyone spare some good pics or negs of April 24th march on Washington? Call Jeannie, evenings, 275-1583.

English teacher-turned-artist and now teaching art to kids in state hospitals needs art supplies badly. I also desperately need a storefront or other large area for studio-living quarters. Also, can anyone tell me the conditions in and around Juatla and San Mataeo. Call Phil at 327-2582 after 9pm weeknights.

This is a community bulletin board, not a classified ad section. This service is free but we accept donations. We've tried to eliminate rip-offs, legal turn-ons, model ads, dating services, hip capitalist crap, and sexist ads. We still cannot vouch for the sincerity or legitimacy of ads, and if you still get ripped-off let us know. Not all notices can be run for the upcoming issue if they're sent in too late. If your ad is dated, send it in about one month before the deadline, so as to assure its appearance. Ads aren't accepted over the phone—bring them in or mail them. When you give us the ad, include a phone number and/or address where we can reach you if there is a question. Phone & address can be withheld for the asking. We may assign Seed box numbers to ads of a possibly personal nature, to eliminate crank phone calls, etc. You may request a box number. Any more questions?—call Maralee at the Seed.

MUSIC

Jazz group to play with. I want to jam with a group. Bass, Guitar, drums, I play piano. please contact TU-9-1703 anytime between 7:30 pm to 8 p.m.

Guitarist and Bass player looking for drummer piano and saxophone to do original material. If interested, call Howie. 674-0385.

Musician desiring to make joyful music with people or person for a living. 528-5847.

Rock n' roll women: need dedicated drummer, keyboard, singer, percussionist, etc. for creative band. P.O. 224, Ashfield Mass. 413-628-3813.

Guitarist and drummer need good bass and lead guitarists for country rock band to do lots of original material. Wouldn't mind some keyboards either. It'd be even cooler if you can all sing. Call Rick at 221-5162 ages 16 - 19.

Serious, competent pianist or Steel Guitarist needed to complete terrific country rock group doing original material. Should be 20 or older. Kirby 864-8262.

Experienced drummer needed for established group, with own equipment, and a willingness for work and success. Contact J.C. Kirsch (secretary) between 6:30 pm and 8:30 p.m. week nights. (Chicago, near lake) 472-3853.

Rock and Blues band forming, need lead guitarist (singer?) and drummer. Can supply equipment. Larry 252-3062, Joe, 235-1425. Age 17 - 20.

Wanted: drummer and singer for mixed bag rock band. Must have some experience. If interested, call 825-4743 —Paul.

Est. group looking for serious—female singer. 379-7990. Ask for John.

Play violin—have done so for 11 years—would like to get in with a group who would like to try it with an electric violin. Contat Earl (309) 673-7051.

Got to get my fingers moving again, but need a guitar FREE, cause I ain't got no bread! Also, a flute. Can pay a little money. Write Ray at box 2525.

MISC.

Country Photography workshop. Spend six days away from city hassles and working on getting your vision out of your mind and into a print. For information write country photography workshop Woodman Wisconsin 53827.

We are starting a commune—family oriented—couples interested call 525-0966.

Head shop owner wants correspondents. Will provide free accomadation to Seed's readers who want to enjoy the nature of life in India. Details on request. S. Packiri-Samy, 47, Pidari Kail St. Tiruvavur, Thanjavur Dist India.

You don't have to be Jewish to be pregnant, but if you are—either—contact the Ark (463-4545.) Free social and medical services.

Synagogue dropouts: do drugs expand religious perceptions? Damned if we know, but if you've got a monkey on your back, call The Ark (463-4545).

Putting together books of fiction, poetry and photographs. We need manuscripts and pictures. Fresh Foundations, P.O. Box 8503, Fountain Valley, Calif. 92708.

Anyone interested in Witchcraft, Santanism, Sex cults or anyother black arts please write and give me your ideas—Smarba, 325 Griswold Elgin, Ill.

For a natal horoscope, send date, place and exact time of your birth to: Osiris Markab, P.O. Box 45322, Chicago Ill.

Original artwork on any theme needed. Submit drawings, sketches, collages, photos, etc. for use in our activity brochures, catalogs, posters, etc. No limitation on number of submissions. Entries should be no larger than 11 X 17, no smaller than 3 X 5. Top 3 winners and 15 finalists will be admitted free to all our films (Every Friday night at 7:45 p.m. send for catalog) and join us in a spaghetti bask, with chianti and hunks of garlic bread. Send to: Exist number 1, 8 south Michigan, room 310. Creative Heads Contest, Chicago, Ill. 60603. If you want your entry back, enclose self addressed, stamped envelope.

RIDES

Two dudes splitting city most weekends on cycles need anyone who digs biking and camping to come along. Paul. 777-7888.

Wanted—one couple (any sex) for trip to California and back. Prefer age 20 to 30! Need help with driving and expences. One baby fine—as we have a boy age 2!! Will be gone at least 5 weeks. Leaving first week in June. Allen & Donna 787-9105

Going to California on or about June 10 for the hell of it. Camping out the whole way. Need a fellow camper. Must be male, long haired. Call Connie at 872-4643.

Need rider or summer traveler. Destination: Mexico. Will take rider to California if necessary. Travel thru Mexico July and Aug. Return anytime Sept 1st thru 15th. Call Al (after 6 or weekends) 935-4623. Females only.

Person age 22 or older wanted to travel west with, June 15 - Sept. 15, preferably with car. I am willing to share driving and expenses and have a couple friends on the West Coast we could stay with (briefly). Write Seed box 007.

Looking for girl to travel around country this summer —leave June 1, have car and camping equipment, and some money. Will try to make all rock festivals this summer. Contact Steve 623-7158.

T.I.E. offers a radically new concept in travel by helping put you in touch with people all over the country who do your thing! People who want to rap, give you a place to crash, a ride, information or whatever. For more info, please write: Travelers Information Exchange, Box 368, Kenmore Station, Boston, Mass. 02115.

WANTED

Black revolutionary flop hat, size 7 (no raw hats, please) \$3-\$4. Call 369-9602 or 369-9664 & ask for Mary in rm 219 or lv message.

Good hypnotist wanted, will pay fair price. Call Lorraine at 338-8673 durring day.

Seed staff member would like Irish Setter (pup or grown) can give good home, free or cheap. Lv message at 929-0133 for Rich

Moving, leaving town, renouncing worldly possessions? I can help. Lincoln Parker needs bed, chair, table, desk... Can pay small amount for stove, refrigerator. Leave message with the Seed. Box k-9.

I am writing a book about woman filmmakers. If you write, produce, direct, edit, do camera or sound, animation, computer films or whatever, please send your name and address to Sharon Smith, 3927 ½ Flower Dr. Los Angeles, California 90037. The book will not include actresses or women in TV or videotape.

Wanted: all persons interested in working exclusively in childrens theatre. No equity please. Contact Melvyna 684-7291 after 8 p.m.

Interprative photography team looking for people seriously into this kind of thing. Models, fellow photographers, writers, ideas, equipment we can use, etc. are all welcome. No phonies please. Ron 421-6216.

Auditions for new midnight theatre piece—we need assorted unusual people: Delsarte actors, fire-eaters, real people with strong personalities. Peaceful vibrations. Contact Mr. Eleven at 477-5652.

I need a gig. I can fix things, do cribs, work with groups, write and do paperwork and math. Lots of other things too; people tell me I'm real smart. Wil do for cash, tools, 10 speed bike. Call Paul, 889-2999, if you have something to be done—maybe I can do it.

Young man needs job. Any job you have is not too small for me. Odd or regular, write to box 774.

Need solo acting pieces from writers. For further information, write to Sherry Dorn, 816 24th St. San Diego, California 92102.

I need old underground papers with any articles about Woodstock - these would be dated around August or September of '69. This is urgent. Call Lois at 674-0393.

Large, long-haired female puppy wanted. Can pay up to \$20. Bring or write to Leslie Pettit 1127 W Farwell, apt 103, Chicago 60626.

Wanted: Sea Train album released in '69. Will gladly pay most any price. Call Jackie, 337-3914

People with Seed Box numbers: Pick up your mail—it will be discarded after six weeks.

ACID

WHITE LIGHTNING... has returned to the Nort-side.... small clear caps/white powderno speed \$2.00

"THE SPRING THING" Pink gelatin caps....good hit of strong acid.....buffed with root beer flavoring.....comes with bands, rides and movies

PURPLE SUNSHINE....small tabs.....reported clean and easy to handle.....\$80.00 per 100

LOGAN SQUARE AND NORTHWEST: ORANGE SUNSHINE....99% Stricknine by chemical analysis

ORANGE MESCALINE is azo reported to be very bad

GREY FLASH is still around South-side.....&2.00 hit

MDA reported on south-side... Brown and rather medicore.

Rumors of white blotters returning on quantity

There are some "GOODNESS CHEMISTS" who are cooking up killer batches of liquid acid (which tend to be the best and purest dope around), have gone to the trouble of printing special blotters. Some famous and note worthy characters are printed on the front and the microgram dosage on the back.....125 and 250 mics.

ANGEL DUST....PEACE PILLS

These are street names for Phencyclidine (PCP) which is an animal tranquilizer (brand name "Sernyl" Park Davis & Co.)....In humans it causes abdominal cramps, coma and coma-like states, often leading to death. At very low doses it is similar to being drund and running a high fever..... 6 grams of Soduim Succinate will reverse the action of the drug.....PCP is sold straight or used to cut other drugs (usually combined with Stricknine and sold as some psychedelic)

WEED

LOYOLA AREA BEWARE....double check all purchases of Blonde Lebonese and watch out for cut weed.

SOUTH-SIDE REPORT: MEXICAN WEED.....\$140lb..\$15.00 oz

CAMBODIAN...Killer tea...no quote but will be very expensice

RED LEBONESE HASH....\$75.00 to \$90.00oz

DREAM CREAM IS ON THE SCENE.... small amounts of smoking opium has trickled in all over the city.....

WHAT ABOUT A WEST-SIDE REPRT !!!!!

DEALERS:.....

If you are buying pounds by weightbe sure youre selling by weight (ounces). If youre dealing by volume (4-5 shot Lids), youre going to get about 12-13 lids out of the 16 oz. lb. If the dope is clean or really fine, 4-5 shots is going to look like a fat nickel bag. Buying a weight pund and dealing by volume market is a burn. Prices for weight lbs is up to about \$140 to 150. So if youre selling lids at \$15.....youre not getting a good deal

MIDWEST DOPE DEALERS ASSN DEPARTMENTAL REPORTS:.....

QUALITY CONTROL DIV.....the same large amouts of mediocre tea dominate the market....any exceptional tea is very rare.

MARKET ANAYLSIS DIV"...due to the amounts of passe! tea being priced at \$140/150, killer weed prices are pushed out of reason.....Acid prices held stable at \$1.00/2.00 per hit....\$50.00/\$75.00 per 100 lots

Special thanks to Dr. No Nrut \mathcal{R}_x

_____DR' EPOD \mathcal{R}_x

RE

Euphoria Blimp Works present Yama and the Karma Dusters: "Up From the Sewers" featuring Howard Berkman., a Manhole Record.

This is the Blimp Works band's first album--and it comes across (to me at any rate) as a smashing success. The first thing worthy of mention is the quality of the recording--usually on a non-commercial label you expect (and get) lots of "scratch...screech...whirr..." even on the first playing and after a week you might as well use the record as a base for a flowerpot. Not so with this one. One refreshing thing about the Blimp Works folks, as opposed to so many rock bands, is the fact that you can hear the lyrics--and they come through loud and clear on this record.

And that's the second good point--Howie Berkman (who wrote all the songs in this album and does the vocals) really has a gift for words--words that really convey emotion and feeling. "Don't Kill the Babies," the first cut on this album is a gentle rhyming song with a simple message conveyed in the title:

"The answers they taught me/when my young mind was forming/ are but crystalline vapors/like the clouds in the sky...Now assassins have murdered the heroes of my childhood/ politicians imprison the friends of my school years/ now they're rounding up those and they'll try them for treason/ those who say don't kill the babies, they're too young to die."

And for those of us for whom that might seem too "corny" Howie admonishes us that it's all gonna keep on happening "till you have the courage to sing this song with me."

About half of the songs on the record are "message" songs--but they ring true. You know from the soft, gentle rolling sound that the words are meant. Like in "Revolution":

"We need some time to talk to you/It's no time for me to lie/ about the things we all must do/ and it's no time for alabes/ people dying / thinking about the revolution/ wondering if there's time....the students lie on grassy fields/ the bloodstained flowers shiver now...The truth will out/ it's time to change/ they've shown their teeth and we have seen/ they sacrificed a nation's youth/ to feed a Wall Street death machine"

While rock superstars fanticise about hijacking starships, Howie tells us (in "CTA") about Sally the waitress who couldn't get up the bus fare in the morning. And in "Wouldn't it be funny" he warns us of the rude awakening that might come when "the thugs break down your door" the night that "they make a law against being tall/ and then illegalize being small/ you find you got no time at all/ they walk you and your friends across the hall/ then down the stairs and thru the mall/ they shove you into a parking stall/where they line you up against the wall....Wouldn't it be funny if tonight were the night?"

I really dig (supermuch) the sound of "I Want to Make it back to Puerto Rico", but it's really a shame that an expression of love for one person had to be expressed in this song as necessitating the rejection of another-- "she is gone, I am free...I love you more than I loved her before...when she was here with me." "Hello Big City", the last song on the record, expresses the feeling that Chicago is home, that they care about Chicago: "Hello Chicago, goodbye little country farm...the peace and quiet of the country just smothers up my mind."

The Blimp Works band has been very much a part of it all any time there was motion in Chicago. If you've been in this town any length of time, you've probably already heard them--at any one of dozens of benefits, at free music gatherings in the park, or at Alice's (where they're presenting performing every Thursday night). They're a real people's band--they're not on a star trip. You can get their album at Euphoria (8 West Tooker), Round Records and Alice's Revisited for \$3. It's well worth it.

—Bernie



"The Murder of Fred Hampton"—a film by the Chicago Film Group, at the 3-Penny Cinema, 2440 N. Lincoln Avenue. (528-9126 for times.)

Having just come from seeing Mary Travers (formerly of Peter, Paul and Mary) at Orchestra Hall, and then leaving to see this movie puts one's head in a very strange place. In a few short hours you are taken through the whole course of the "movement," from people like Mary singing "We Shall Overcome," going on marches and riding buses, to the increasingly violent course it is going now. You look back and wish you were there now--peace, love, flowers and sunny days. Wondering where it all went. First I guess it was the convention in '68, then the Conspiracy trial, then Weathermen, bombings and now mass arrests. For Fred Hampton, it was the same way--one step at a time, until the final act--when he became effective and feared and had to be dealt with--just like Eldridge, Bobby and Erika (but by being in Chicago the price he paid was higher). This is what this movie is about--the murder of Fred Hampton by the office of the district attorney of Chicago--Edward Hanrahan. The movie goes through step by step what happened that cold grey morning in December.

This movie is not for you to see--but for your father and mother, your uncle Harry and the people down the street. It shows them what is really coming down--a police state--wire taps, spying by the government, suppression of free speech and now political assassinations.

—"Z"

VIEWS

TRASHING. By "Ann Fettamen." Straight Arrow Books, San Francisco. \$4.95. 131 pages.

I am of two (at least two) opinions about this book, written under a pseudonym by "a well-known Yippie troublemaker" whom I think to be rather obviously Anita Hoffman.

On the one hand, "Trashing" got to me in a sentimental, nostalgic way, the same way I suspect it will get to many of us. It recalls with almost simplistic precision the progression so many of us have undergone from college-student liberal through dropout dooper or dealer through Yippie-type prankster (tweaking the Establishment's nose by mailing out 4,000 joints on Halloween night to prominent New York citizens) to, finally, revolutionary consciousness complete with bombing and street fighting.

It is an offhand, casual, friendly type of book for those who have been there, though I suppose it will be terrifying or disgusting to the lames who might happen to read it. What bothers me is that I think this book, like most of the current crop of--ugh--"now generation" books, is geared to the lames, and not for any purposes of enlightenment but rather to further provoke the straight world's already prurient interest in the manners and morals of the "long-hairs," as they are often referred to in the book, and consequently, of course, to make money for everybody concerned. (Straight Arrow Books is an offshoot of the company that publishes Rolling Stone magazine, that slickest purveyor of hip capitalism.)

I don't think there's anything wrong with making money, especially for Yippie heads and causes, but I do think that "Ann Fettamen" could have gone to a little more trouble to do so.

We learn almost nothing, for instance, about what went on in her head to transform her from a middle-class liberal from Queens to a Weatherwoman sympathizer and street fighting chick who gleefully beats up a gang of bikers who raped her in her quasi-liberal days. By her version, she simply meets her husband-to-be, "Danny", listens to his rap for a minute or two after smoking her first joint and before fucking him (with hitherto-unknown passion) and BAM! instant East Village dropout. Similarly, there is nothing to indicate what went on either inside her head or outside, in the larger society, to cause her to turn away from peaceful tripping and dealing towards guns, knives and bombs. Oh yes, some friends get busted and beaten, but mostly "Ann's" motivations seem to come from "Danny's" changes and experiences, and I wonder if "Danny" enjoys having a woman so docile that she takes all her cues from him.

Of course, I feel that I understand some of the connections "Ann" has left unsaid, or unwritten, and supply some of the missing links in her narrative from my own experiences, as I imagine most of us reading this book will easily do, but that seems like a hell of a bad way to get anything across to anybody, and isn't that what books are supposed to do in the first place?

Although "Trashing" doesn't have the McLuhanistic air of "Revolution for the Hell of It" or "Woodstock Nation" or "Do It!", it does have a dust jacket with quotes from famous underground characters: "Trashing" is a real bombshell"--Bernadine Dohrn, and "...makes Harold Robbins read like Homer"--Abbie Hoffman. Jokes, perhaps, to us, but big customer-catchers when displayed in the windows of Krocks and Brentanos.

I wonder too, how many people who need to be turned on to the revolution--foundering high school students, say, or computer operators who refuse to cut their hair for their company, or young housewives beginning to see beyond their dishwashers--"Trashing," with its beguiling descriptions of Julia Child cookery and fucking among the East Village natives, will really reach. Few, I would suspect.

—Pauline

FEEDBACK

dear seed:

what's happenin, besides talk about revolution? i mean like that's all i hear, is talk. an the talk i hear isn't cool. what i hear is violence, i can feel it all around. we all say we want peace, but why do we think violence will accomplish it? aren's we being hipocrites if we talk peace, and then turn to violence to get it? we're turning against our cause, our dream.

why do we have to get at each other physically to get what we want? i mean are we so screwed up that we can't get it together mentally? can't we (everyone, including the establishment) open up our minds to one another? listen to one another, talk to one another.

i think the "revolution" should be got by thru peace and communication. that's where it's at, not violence. anything we try to achieve by violence will be destroyed by violence. is that what we want?

i'm asking my brothers and sisters to communicate to everyone. be open, but be cool. and don't give up if some people turn you off. communicate with each other, and open your minds. the only way we'll get peace, is thru peace.

peace to all,

mic

Dear Seed,

Scores of "Seedlings" wait with bated breath and nervous hand for each issue here in Wisconsin (actually they aren't so excited about Seed--they are stoned out of their minds!). But seriously, I'm sure that before long I'll be needing another increase in supplies! The demand is fantastic!

The Marinette-Menominee area looks like all-farm country on the map and indeed the total population is only about 35,000... a mere village compared to "Fun City" Chicago....but there are a hell of a lot of heads-hip people up here. So the point I'm getting at is there is no real way for us to get the bare essentials of life (Besides That!) such as incense, candles, pipes, leather good, etc. etc. A local department store has assigned some dark rancid corner of their store for incense and candles...that's it! And at outrageous prices. A water pipe is a collector's item here! We travel 50 miles to Green Bay for decent jewelry and clothes! nothing even faintly resembling a head shop exists and any closer!!! So the whole idea is--if perhaps some fairly successful outlet in that area is thinking of going capitalist and starting a "chain--or some prosperous heavy has been toying with the idea or investing in his own little shop but doesn't know where to start, have him (or them) either contact me or even pop on up and see for himself! I hope that anyone considering this hasn't gotten the impression that I am out for a chunk of his dough should he try this--rather I'm only bringing our deficiencies to light for the same reason I sell Seed. Not for the buck or so I make every two weeks but rather because if I don't, maybe nobody around here will, and then what the fucks going to happen?--So, as I said, I'd be glad to do anything I can--FREE even! And anyone seriously interested can write me!

Bob Filler
2125 1/2 Hall Ave.
Marinette, Wisc 54143

(Why don't you get some friends together Bob, and set up a not-for-profit cooperative headshop. Contact some of the Chicago head shops that carry the Seed for further information.)

Dear SEED,

Here I am, a middle-aged working lady, getting so engrossed in your most recent issue -- particularly story of KARMA FARM -- that I missed the Howard Street stop and went right into the CTA yards! Hasn't happened to me before... in 10 years of reading on the "L".

Good writing!

*Sincerely,
Mother Nature*

578--Edit. S. Fr.

Authorizz. W.N.J.--Concess. n. B.S. 45--Fot. n. A-1133

Dear Editor:

I would greatly appreciate you telling me how I could get information on becoming a groupee. I would like to become a groupee for Rod Stewart and the Small Faces. Do you have any information on this?

Please send all information to: D.S. % J.S., street address, Chicago.

Thank you for your time and I will be waiting anxiously for your answer.

Sincerely yours,
D.S.

Dear Seed,

You're BEAUTIFUL! You LOOK, SOUND, FEEL (vibes), BEAUTIFUL!! I loved you when you were a flower paper. I didn't love you when, for a while, you became SUPER HEAVY, DOWNER, BUMMER, YECH, GRAY. But now you are combining "The Facts of Life in Amerika" with "The Spirit of '66" (hope, dope, & love), and you seem to really be getting it together. These days, you blow my mind with every issue! I'm particularly glad to see that you are taking time out to re-evaluate & re-examine where you're at & where you want to go. And really making this a PAPER OF THE PEOPLE by keeping in touch thru pages like this.

We couldn't hack Daleytown any more -- our heads were really fucked up by it all -- so we left about a year & a half ago for rural Michigan. During this time we got to really dig nature up close, we learned a lot, rapped a lot, smoked a lot of dope (home grown), tripped a lot, and generally tried to get next to each other and figure out what was next. We got into organic gardening, canning and preserving, pottery making, macrame, sewing, house repair shit (plumbing, carpentry, glazing, etc). And thru it all THE SEED kept ENCOURAGING us to re-evaluate & re-examine where WE were at & where we wanted to go. And finally we decided (and you might not dig our conclusion -- but we all have to do what we have to do) that we have to leave Amerika. So we're planning on trying EUROPE (in about 6 months, so please don't stop sending the Seed yet) and if that doesn't feel good, then we'll try Canada. (I don't know why I'm going on & on like this -- I meant this to be a letter To and About YOU! -- not us.)

Anyway, my only suggestion is this: I'd like to see you devote some space each issue to GOOD FOOD (food that is GOOD for you -- organic, natural, health food, etc.). For example, I noticed in one article, telling how to live CHEAPLY, you mentioned going to Silvercup & Wonder Bread outlets (I suppose you meant for day-old bread) -- but that stuff is such SHIT that NO ONE should eat it. It's cheaper (not to say how much better for you) to BAKE YOUR OWN bread -- and use good flour -- whole wheat or unbleached white. Really, the WORK OF REVOLUTION takes sooo much energy -- & you get nothing of nutritional value from CRAP like Silvercup. If you could print names & addresses of health food stores, or places that carry decent (unsprayed, unchemicalized, un-"enriched", unplastitized, unprocessed) food! And for those who can't afford Natural Food Cookbooks, or Yoga cookbooks, you could ask people to send in their best receipes & print them (but you might also print a cookbook list for those who can afford to buy one). One of the most insidious & disgusting aspects of AMERIKAN KULTURE is the garbage they try & push down our throats. They try & weaken our minds in the SKOOLS and weaken our bodies in the A&P, Jewel, National, McDonalds, Wimpy, etc. GROW your own (when possible), BAKE your own, GRIND your own, MAKE your own. You're not only denying them a chance to manipulate you as a consumer, but you'll keep your BODY from becoming PLASTIC JELLY!

Once again SEED, Keep on Trucking. We really dig where you're at & what you're doing. And we appreciate all the work you do to keep the Seed planted!

Love & Peace,
Sandi Dewar

